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THE

HOPE OF THE WORLD,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1840.

607.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY,"

AS A SLIGHT BUT SINCERE EXPRESSION OF HIS

ADMIRATION FOR THE POET

AND HIS ESTEEM FOR THE MAN,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

CONTINUALLY is the cry repeated, that poetry is a drug in the market; that its time is past, and that this sordid, speculating age will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely. But this cannot be true; for it is not in nature that it should. The age of poetry never will, and never can, pass away but with Time itself. That there is an apathy towards new aspirants is undoubted; but this is the fault of the aspirants themselves. They come in too great numbers; and—worse still—for the most part they charm neither well nor wisely. They offer verses, and they call them poetry; and when neglect enshrouds them, instead

of doing better for the future, they complain that the age is against them; that it is engrossed with its steam-engines, and has no relish for song. The author of the following has but slight hopes, that amid the multitude he will shine out pre-eminent, or that the age will show its love of poetry by distinguishing him with its regard; but if he be neglected, he will be of the same opinion nevertheless, and will not think that the age of poetry is past, but that his offering may have been unworthy of the name.

This publication is an experiment. Firmly persuaded that there has been too much drawing-room poetry—too much of mere rhyme-weaving—too much turgid and false sentiment, he has ventured to return to the ancient simplicity, with the little consoling hope, that when quite palled with high feeding and the unsubstantial fritter of mere words, the public may, at some near, or at some remote period, look with a slight degree of favour upon

a humble follower in that simple, natural, and enduring school of poetry which has produced such writers as Pope, Goldsmith, Rogers, and Campbell.

It is, perhaps, necessary to state that many of the poems in the following collection have been published before; some in a volume, of which a very small edition was struck off, and which is now out of print, and the greater portion in various periodicals. The principal poem, however, is entirely new, as are all those marked with an asterisk in the table of contents. Those marked † have been so much altered and added to, as in fact to form new poems. Several of the songs have also been published separately, with music, by Mr. A. Lee, Miss Mounsey, and Mr. H. Russell.

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THE

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Capabilities of Man for Happiness.—The Muse of History is invoked to show how miserable Man has rendered the World by his own bad Passions.—The evils of Intolerance and Ambition, as exemplified by the wars of religion and aggrandisement, and the slavery and debasement of the Human Mind consequent upon them.—False Greatness of the Ancient Empires.—Christianity the Hope of the World.

THE

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

CANTO I.

FATHER and God of this fair world below,
How vast the blessings that around us flow!
Love, the foundation of thy wondrous plan,
Pours joy and plenty in full streams for man:
The generous earth yields up her golden grain,
The trees their fruits, the skies their kindly rain,
The air its health, the flowers their odours rare,
The sun his bright beams shining everywhere.
All nature, smiling through her varied round,
Woos human-kind to joys that still abound:

Still for their every sense unnumber'd rise —
Sweets for their palate, beauty for their eyes,
And all the charms of music for the ear,
With pain but given to warn of dangers near.
These for the body's; — for the mind's delight,
Knowledge of God, and favour in his sight;
And all that glorious privilege of thought,
To the true soul with mines of treasure fraught;
And Nature, opening her abounding page,
To charm in youth, to captivate in age:
With Hope, best boon the Godhead could impart,
And Love, divinest essence of his heart.

Lord of an heritage so fair and great,
Lord of himself, controller of his fate,
Has man employ'd the gifts so freely given
To the best ends, and made his earth a heaven?

Fool to inquire! — Historic Muse unfold
Thy book sublime, with all his deeds enroll'd,
And if thou canst, amid regretful tears,
Read us the awful record of his years!

Since first the globe its annual course began,
Mankind's worst enemy hath still been man.
Lust, love of power, and rivalry of creed
Alike have turn'd him to a fiend indeed;
But chief the last has nerved his soul to hate,
His tongue to curse, his hand to strike his mate.
Lo! the first murder-spots that stain'd the land
Came from the wounds made by a brother's hand.
Lo! the first blood that sank into the sod,
Flow'd in contention at the shrine of God!
First murder! emblem of a myriad more
That since have deluged Earth's green fields with gore!
Bear witness, Asia! where the flaming brand
Of thy Mohammed, in his conquering hand,
Hew'd down thy nations, like the full, ripe corn,
Before the reaper on his harvest morn,
Where his apostles, treading in his path,
Spread o'er thy plains like messengers of wrath,

"Allah-il-Allah!" their eternal cry —
"Believe our book, ye millions, or ye die!"
And other lands, if they had wish'd to pile
More wondrous pyramids than those of Nile,
Might, without granite, have uprear'd them high
With skulls unburied, bleaching to the sky.

Bear witness, Europe! call thy suffering lands
To tell the foul deeds done by bigot hands.
Tell of the millions whom the Hermit drew
To dye the Danube of a sanguine hue,
And choke it up with multitudes of slain,
By high Belgrade or Nissa's fatal plain.
Tell of the second crowds, as mad as these,
Who cover'd earth and swarm'd upon the seas,
When zealous Bernard waved his banner high —
"The Cross! Jerusalem! the Lord!" his cry,—
And of the thousands of that countless host
Who left their bones for vultures on the coast,
And never saw that land they pined to see,
Bethlem's green meads, or waves of Galilee.

Call Albion up, to tell the honour'd names
Of all her sons who perish'd in the flames,
From her fourth Henry's to her Mary's time;—
Record of sorrow, and despair, and crime.
Call France, to tell of that unhallow'd day,
When brave Coligni, good, and hoary grey,
Fell in the streets already heap'd with slain,
That ran with blood to swell the blushing Seine;
When even babes depending at the breast
Were sought and seized, aud slaughter'd like the rest.
Bid Spain throw open wide her dungeon doors,
And show the blood-stains on the walls and floors.
Bid her disclose the secrets treasured there,
The body's torture and the mind's despair.
Bid her recount the numbers of her dead,
In caverns dark or market-places red;
Doom'd in the first a lingering death to know,
Brought to the second for a raree-show,

To please bull-baiters, crowding forth to scan
Intenser throes in man — betortured man.
And thou too, distant region of the West,
New found, but ah! no happier than the rest; —
Columbia! join the universal wail,
Tell us Pizarro's blood-polluted tale,
And all the wrongs inflicted by the bands
Europe sent forth to scourge thy virgin lands,
And teach a creed, whose essence is of heaven,
By deeds of hell, and hope to be forgiven!
Oh, fearful record! yet, ye nations, look —
'Tis but one page from that tremendous book
Where all your deeds, by Truth's sad fingers traced,
Remain for ever, clear and uneffaced,
Inscribed in characters of gory red,
And damp with tears by pitying angels shed.
Turn o'er the leaf, and see what meets us there —
Less woe — less wrong — less torture — less despair?
Ah, no! a lust, accursed from its birth,
Has play'd its part in ravaging the earth,

And help'd religious jealousy to fill
Her plains with blood, her human hearts with ill.
The lust of power! the worst that man can know,
Prolific source of never-ceasing woe,
Has sounded shrill the trumpet of alarm,
And call'd the ready multitudes to arm;
Made human shambles in each quiet spot,
Places of skulls for graveless bones to rot!
  Oh, foolish men! to draw the cumbrous car
Of kings and chiefs, and potentates to war!
To waste your lives, and give your roofs to flame,
Your babes to slaughter and your wives to shame,
And all to aid the tyrant of an hour,
To round a province and extend his power;
Or please, perchance, some minion, his delight,
Who loves no prince unlaurell'd in the fight.
Too oft have thousands for a wanton's sigh,
Or favourite's pettishness, been doom'd to die;
Too oft the torch has set a realm on fire,
Because one man was slave to his desire,

And could not rest, unless the trump of Fame
Sounded o'er earth his terror-striking name;
Unless the nations trembled at his tread,
And smaller chieftains bow'd their humbled head!
  Alas for men! that they should be so blind;
That they should laud these scourges of their kind;
Call each man glorious who has led a host,
And him most glorious who has murder'd most!
Alas! that men should lavish upon these
The most obsequious homage of their knees —
The most obstreperous flattery of their tongue;
That these alone should be by poets sung;
That good men's names should to oblivion fall,
But those of heroes fill the mouths of all!
That those who labour in the arts of peace,
Making the nations prosper and increase,
Should fill a nameless and unhonour'd grave,
Their worth forgotten by the crowds they save —
But that the leaders who despoil the earth,
Fill it with tears, and quench its children's mirth,

Should with their statues block the public way,
And stand adored as demi-gods for aye!
False greatness! where the pedestal for one,
Is on the heads of multitudes undone!
False admiration! given, not understood:
False glory! only to be gain'd by blood.

From the world's infancy till now, its prime,
The page of History is fill'd with crime.
In every age has bad Ambition raised
Its giant head, and, lo! —the earth has blazed!
Each clime remote, in cold or torrid zone,
Has had some king and hero of its own,
To play the fabled Mahadeva's part,
And light Destruction's torch or hurl its dart;
And still as one has run his fiery race,
The next has started to supply his place.
An Alexander grasps his sword, and, lo!
O'er half the globe resounds the voice of woe.
A Gengis comes, and many a fertile plain
Becomes more fertile with the heaps of slain.

A Timour next, and with her bosom rent,
Pale Asia bleeds in all her vast extent.
A furious Charles, destruction at his heels,
Drives from the north his conquering chariot wheels.
Napoleon flashes on the world's sad sight,
And blazing towns illumine all the night.
Brave Sarragossa falls amid her woe,
The fires of Moscow burst amid the snow,
Blue Berezina laves her shores with red,
And Europe's fields are cumber'd with the dead.
But why recount their numbers or their deeds? —
Earth's ears are full of them—earth's bosom bleeds
Even now, at mention of their fearful names,
Traced on her soil in furrows made by flames.

If all their wars and battles we review,
From Asia's Tyre to Europe's Waterloo,
Rome, Greece, Assyria—modern states and old,
The same dark history is ever told;
The same bad passions in the conqueror's breast;
The same sad folly blinding all the rest;

Same causes, same results, where'er we turn—
One man must rule, a thousand towns must burn;
One King must force the tribute grudged by ten,
And blood must flow from thrice ten thousand men.

Nor these alone the ills that spring from war;
Not life alone is crushed beneath its car.
The dead are gone—the millions sleep in peace
In the calm grave, where all their troubles cease;
But on the minds of living men remain
The deep, deep wounds that never heal again.
Were bloodshed sole and last result of strife,
There might be hope for earth's remaining life;
But ah! war's ravages are less confined;
They blight the soul, they fester in the mind;
They brutalize the hearts of suffering men,
And turn this planet to a noisome den,
In whose dark corners Superstition prowls,
And fear-struck Ignorance lies down and howls.

Twin-fiends, by War engender'd and upheld!
They people earth with all the imps of Eld,

Raise hideous shapes to stare at in the gloom,
And scare the world with omens of its doom.
In their dark presence Science hides its ray,
And Art, affrighted, wings itself away;
Learning, that flow'ret most divine and fair,
Withers and dies for want of light and air;
And Freedom, fairer and diviner still,
Lies torn, and crush'd, and tortured at their will.
Ah! well they work to trample it for aye!
Tyrants to bind, are not so strong as they;
The first enchain the man's material part;
But they enfetter and destroy the heart.
The power of despots touches not the soul;
The power of Ignorance engulphs the whole!
Thought is enslaved and grovels in the mire,
And Reason crawls, mere pander to desire,
Or shows a wavering and uncertain ray,
To lead its bearers but the more astray.

Worst foes of man! by some sage few abhorr'd,
But still by millions cherish'd and adored:

Like the wild fox in breast of Sparta's boy,
Nursed but to torture, hugg'd but to destroy!
Or more insidious, with a specious guile,
They wear an angel's form—an angel's smile,
Then lead their victim with those silken reins,
Harder to break than adamantine chains;
Lull him to sluggish and inglorious rest,
And pluck all virtue from his senseless breast.
Steep him in folly first, and then in crime;
Efface God's image from his brow sublime;
With smiles like Circe's, woo him to a beast,
And cast him garbage for his daily feast.

Oh, foulest things that crawl beneath the sun,
Who shall recount the evils ye have done?
Where shall the mind, o'erwhelm'd by shame, begin
The long, unhappy catalogue of sin?
Lo! Egypt's children clasp their hands in prayer,
And ask a dog to save them from despair;
Raise mighty temples on each hillock's brow,
To chant triumphal pæans to a cow!

And Syria's tribes, deep sunk in blacker night,
Shape out a Moloch, and in public sight,
In adoration of his fearful name,
Consume young babes in sacrificial flame!
And Budha's priests, degraded even as they,
Erect a block to worship night and day,
And preach the doctrine, e'en while they adore,
That man is nothingness, and God no more.
Taught by his creed, behold the mild Hindoo
Committing murders of the blackest hue.
At Brahma's shrine he bends the suppliant knee,
Then lights the torch to fire the red Suttee;
Strews the rich incense for that rite abhorr'd,
And the poor widow burns beside her lord.
Oh! veil thy visage, thou insulted sun!
Light not the hellish deeds that men have done.
Fierce Juggernaut comes yelling from afar,
And eager victims bleed beneath his car!
The Thug walks forth and murders for a trade,
To please a goddess by his frenzy made;

And every doctrine most abject and foul,
Has its own million to adore and howl!
  Blushing for man, we turn our eyes away,
In nearer climes to find a brighter day,
And read the legends by our fathers told,
Enshrined in Edda in the days of old.
And there fierce Odin on his fiery steed,
Preaches to willing ears his bloody creed.
Dark Fenris howls, and the great snake, uncurl'd,
Opes its wide jaws to poison all the world.
And gloomy Druids, in their thickets hoar,
Worship their gods with offerings of gore.
  If pain'd with these, we turn our gaze again,
And view in Greece and Rome more polish'd men,
We find the waters populous, and the air
Swarming with gods that start up everywhere;
Some to be dreaded, some to be adored,
And all in season with due rites implored.
Phantoms they seem, all beautiful and bright,
By poets' fancy clothed in robes of light,

But rank in folly, gods all vile and mean,
Lustful, revengeful, ignorant, unclean;
In whose high temples man degrades his name
With orgies foul and deeds of blackest shame!
Humbled once more we cross the western wave,
To the far land that bold Columbus gave;
But still the deeds by Superstition done
Rise up in long array, and one by one
Affright our sense, and make us blush for men
Worse than the fierce hyena in its den,
Which, though it loves the feast of blood to find,
Has some compassion and respects its kind.
Not so the tribes that roam the forest through; —
They eat the victims whom their arrows slew:
Not so the priests of Mexitli the red,
Who strew'd their temple floors with heaps of dead,
Burn'd up their hearts with incense in a pan,
And fed their sacred snakes with flesh of man!
Thus hath it been from earth's remotest age.
Though black the record, History's fearful page

Hath many blacker; and amid the few
That cheer the darkness with a brighter hue,
There still remain the dim red spots that show
The strong man's injury, the weak man's woe.
Egypt of old pursued the arts of peace,
And wit and learning bless'd the shores of Greece;
Imperial Rome amid her ruins hoar,
Left proofs of greatness never reach'd before;
But what their triumphs? Whose sad hands were they,
That piled the pyramids to last for aye?
Who rais'd the walls, who built each mighty gate
With which high Thebes girt herself in state?
Who rear'd old Babylon's most gorgeous fanes?
Who shaped of Luxor the august remains?
What were the millions when Athena's name
For art and learning was the first to fame?
What were the multitudes when Rome was great?
What rights had they, or value in the state?—

All slaves and helots! —Slaves were they whose hands
Uprear'd the pyramids on Egypt's sands;
Slaves built the city with the brazen wall,
And hundred gates more marvellous than all;
Slaves to be lash'd, and tortured, and resold,
Or maim'd and murder'd for a fine of gold.
Helots degraded, scarce esteem'd as man,
Having no rights, for ever under ban,
Were half the world when ancient Homer sung,
And wit and wisdom flow'd from Plato's tongue.
Slaves were the swarming multitudes of Rome,
Having no hope, no thought of better doom;
Fetter'd in body and enslaved in mind,
Their mental eye-balls, sear, and dark, and blind,
They crawl'd mere brutes, and if they dared complain,
Were lash'd and tortured until tame again!
And thus the many since the world begun
Have been for ever sacrificed for one.

The weak have died to satisfy the strong.
And earth has groan'd with oft-repeated wrong,
And still the many, knowing not their might,
Deep sunk in Error's most appalling night,
Have greeted loudest with the voice of praise,
The greatest scourges born in evil days;
Sang songs of triumph, and their incense burn'd
To honour those whom most they should have spurn'd.

Light of the World! that didst at last appear,
To chase the darkness of our suffering sphere!
Long ages since, thy mild auspicious star
Rose on the world, and bless'd it from afar;
Raised up the humble, heal'd the wounded mind,
Relieved, consoled, and purified mankind.
Beneath the splendour of thy genial ray,
The thick, dark mists began to roll away,
And Hope, long banish'd, raised her head again,
While joyous angels, in triumphant strain,
Rang the loud pæan to the listening sky,
"Rejoice! O man! rejoice! thy God is nigh!

" Now the new era dawns upon the sight;
" Knowledge shall reign and truth be brought to light.
" Rejoice, O man! ye seraphim adore!
" Peace and good-will shall rule for evermore.
" A thousand darkling years may pass away,
" Ere this fair twilight brightens into day;
" A thousand more may wing their weary flight
" Ere man beholds the perfect noon of light;
" But still the ray shall penetrate the gloom,
" Still shall this star the suffering world illume.
" Glory to God, the Spirit, and the Son!
" Rejoice! rejoice! the dawning has begun!"

THE

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

The dawn of a better Day.—Christianity, by first teaching peace, good-will, and equality, the first great agent of human improvement and the civilisation of the World.—Emancipation of Mind and the first seeds of popular Freedom.—The Progress of Thought.—Discovery of America.—Invention of Printing.—Freedom of Conscience.—Art, Science, and Literature, the offspring of Peace and Liberty.—The Reformation.—The Abolition of Slavery.—The evils that still afflict Mankind, and Hopes for the future.—The Reign of Peace.

THE

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

CANTO II.

STAR of the East! that with propitious ray
Led the lone shepherds on their weary way,
The beam that rose on this dark world with thine
Since that glad hour has never ceased to shine!
The coarse thick mists that crown the murky sea,
Where Error, snake-like, broods continually,
May have conceal'd from Earth's inquiring sight,
The mild refulgence of its holy light;
The dense hot smoke in dun upcurling spires,
That mounts to Heaven from Hate's incessant fires,

May for a while have blinded man's poor eyes;
But still the ray was steadfast in the skies;
Still o'er the world it shed a hallow'd glow;
Still shone the cynosure of faith and woe,
To light the path by erring mortals trod,
The beam of peace! the beacon of a God!
Divinest creed! and worthy to be taught
By Him, the Saviour, who thy tidings brought;
Thou wert the first, descending from above,
To teach the nations that their God was love;
That ire eternal dwelt not on his face,
But love and pity, and redeeming grace.
'Twas thou first cheer'd the weary and forlorn,
And raised the humble from the couch of scorn;
'Twas thou first told the poor man in his cot,
That Heaven had bliss for him, if Earth had not;
'Twas thou first whisper'd to the sunken slave,
That joy and freedom dwelt beyond the grave;
That rich and poor, oppressor and oppress'd,
Fill'd the same grave, obey'd the same behest;

And that, whatever was denied or given,
All men were equal in the sight of Heaven.

And all the joy this world since then has known
Springs from this creed, and springs from this alone,
Whatever triumph has been gain'd by mind,
O'er Error, Hate, and Ignorance combined,
Whatever progress man may yet have made —
Owes all its worth to this benignant aid;
The Arts have flourish'd in its genial light,
And daring Science wing'd a bolder flight,
Delved the deep earth and scaled the distant sky,
In search of Truth, and found it ever nigh.
'Twas this that gave the long-enfettered mind
New power to travel free and unconfined;
Upraised the fallen dignity of man,
Relieved his spirit from the oppressor's ban;
Gave Hope new wings to traverse earth and air,
To cheer Humility, to soothe Despair;
To lift the prostrate and the sorrowing heart,
And rob affliction of its direst smart,

By that sweet certainty, the soul's best trust,
That God is kind, though man may be unjust.
Though Jewish hate, though Roman scorn assails,
The light still shines, and still the truth prevails;
Clime after clime receives the welcome ray;
Rome and her idols totter to decay;
Gaunt Odin claims no victims as of yore,
And Druid rites pollute the groves no more.
The generations rise, and move, and die —
Long ages trace their cycles in the sky —
The steadfast truth advances all the while,
And arid wastes begin to bloom and smile;
Men's hearts, no longer wildernesses bare,
Warm in the light and show their blossoms fair;
Freedom and Peace, exiled from earth so long,
Return with music and triumphant song,
Each scattering widely from her bounteous hands
The fruitful seeds that gladden all the lands.
Even man's own folly helps the sacred cause:
There is no chance in Heaven's eternal laws.

The very crowds that at the Hermit's call
Forsook their wives and little ones and all,
And at each meteor flashing through the gloom,
Trembled to see the signal-star of doom
That should arise, and, day of woe for them!
Find them still far from dear Jerusalem;
Even they, blind instruments of God's decree,
Advanced the cause they never lived to see;
They left their bones on many a distant shore,
But some return'd less brutal than before.
Wise with the wisdom learn'd in pain and woe,
Pleased with those arts they never thought to know,
They came back wondering, and at home aspired
To reach the luxury they still admired;
The polish'd manners, and the pleasant ease
Of climates fair beyond the Grecian seas.
And, with the wish, the power to meet it rose,
They saw and loved the blessings of repose;
And war, though still their pastime and their joy,
Became no longer life's supreme employ.

They saw that earth had better things in store,
And prized the peace consider'd vile before.
And those, the patient, though enfettered bands,
That stayed behind to cultivate the lands,
With some faint gleams of rights long-claim'd and spurn'd,
Arose and seized them ere their lords return'd.
Cities and towns, by feudal chiefs oppress'd,
Loosened each one the trammels on its breast,
Or bought from lordlings, with their ready gold,
The rights their masters dared no more withhold—
Freedom from grinding tax and blistering rod—
Freedom to dwell in peace and worship God.
Then on thy shores, fair Italy! trade-born,
New cities rose, precursors of the morn,
Where Learning flourish'd, with more strength array'd
Than when she roam'd a lost Athenian maid,
Doubting and groping in those alleys blind,
The then sole outlets for th' imprison'd mind.

Art by her side upgrew, a sister mild,
And Science bloom'd as fostering Commerce smiled;
While busy navies wafted them afar,
With high emprize to guide them like a star,
Hope, dove-like, sitting on their sails unfurl'd,
To light, and cheer, and civilise the world.

Then rising Mind her ancient fetters broke,
New wants arose, new Enterprise awoke,
Discovery turn'd her keen inquiring eye
O'er all the wonders of the earth and sky,
Obscured, or hidden from our mortal sight
Through the long reign of Ignorance and Night.
First of her sons, the daring Genoese
Pierced the bright secret of the western seas,
Of fruitful climates that his sires ne'er knew; —
And at each favouring gale that westward blew,
Pined with an anxious heart that he might roam
Through those wide wastes of circumambient foam,
In search of islands fair and far away,
His dream by night, and all his thought by day;

And, lo! unconquer'd by the sceptic's sneer,
Unmoved by danger, undisturb'd by fear,
Unswerved by obstacles that friend and foe
Conspired alike around his path to throw,
Bold o'er the waves his banner he unfurl'd,
Friend of his race!—and found th'expected world!
First glorious triumph of inquiring mind!
But not the greatest; for to bless mankind
With blessings sweeter and serener far,
Than ever smiled upon their wandering star,
An Art arose, worth in itself alone
More than all arts the world had ever known;
Worth all the monuments of ancient time,
Their buildings high, their chisellings sublime.
In his dark room the lone mechanic stood,
And shaped in letters the obedient wood,
And little thought, what time before his eyes,
He smiling saw the first rude types arise,
What a grand engine his ingenious mind
And ready hands had fashioned for his kind;

How vast the art he doubting had begun,
How great the good by that sole action done!
This art it was, next to the peaceful creed
That cheers the Christian in the hour of need,
That aim'd the direst and most stunning blow
Against the heads of Ignorance and Woe.
Scared by its light old Superstition shook,
And hid her face before the PRINTED BOOK!
Knowledge walked forth, no longer for the few
Unveiling shy her sweet face to the view;
No longer timid, taciturn, and coy,
But on an errand of unbounded joy,
She roam'd the earth, and show'd her eyes so bright
To all who chose to gaze upon their light.
No more sole visitant to hermit's cell,
Or convent grey, or porch where schoolmen dwell,
She showered her blessings more profusely down
On plodding men, and hinds with labour brown;
Knock'd with her gentle tap at poor men's doors,
And woo'd their sons to taste her bounteous stores;

Cheer'd lonely hearths with bliss till then unfelt,
Taught cheeks to glow and eyes with tears to melt
At joys or sorrows of their fellow men,
Told by the poet's or historian's pen;
And, best of gifts, bore in her bosom fair,
The Book divine, that ransoms from despair,
That cheers the weary with its words of love,
And points to doubting hearts the realms above.

O noble triumph! harbinger of more,
That fruitful time in proper season bore!
Strengthen'd by this, Discovery, bolder grown,
Soar'd to new regions, until then unknown;
Invention's hand acquired redoubled skill
To mould the plastic matter to her will;
And struggling minds their inspiration caught
From lore wide-spread, and interchange of thought.
Great Newton came, and with his eye sublime,
Discover'd secrets hidden from all Time;
Divined, with meek and yet with lofty soul,
The eternal Law by which the planets roll;

By which the stars in boundless ether shine,
Hung in the azure vault by hands divine.
Franklin appear'd, and, arm'd with daring high,
Drew down the lightning vivid from the sky;
Chemists explored the forest and the field,
Delved in the mine, and made each substance yield
The elements that mingle in its plan,
And all the secrets of its use to man.
And later still, Geology, that turns
Her gaze to earth, and in its bosom learns
The buried mysteries of oldest time,
Arose, and told the world her tales sublime,
Of fearful earthquakes and consuming fire,
Of whelming waters and convulsions dire,
And of huge creatures terrible and strong,
That walk'd the earth, a hundred fathoms long;
Or plough'd primeval seas through ages vast,
Ere man arose the noblest and the last.

Where'er Discovery turn'd her ardent eye,
To air, or earth, or star-bespangled sky;

Whether she view'd the deep obedient tide
Spreading beneath the moon its waters wide;
Or tiny dew-drop form'd upon the rose;
The hugest tree or smallest weed that grows,—
Still she exclaim'd, though humble, yet elate,
"Wondrous his works! the Lord our God is great!"
Invention follow'd in her brilliant train,
From each new truth new usefulness to gain;
From all the elements Discovery drew
The inmost secrets veil'd from mortal view;
And apt Invention, watchful by her side,
Each, as it rose, to man's delight applied;—
Employed the water, caught th' unwilling wind,
And made strong fire the slave to stronger mind;
Mingled contending elements at will,
Curb'd and restrain'd, and made them each fulfil
Its destined purpose in her curious plan,
All for the service and the ease of man;—
And, chief of triumphs, in a happy hour,
Chanced on the secret of the mighty power

That sleeps conceal'd in every drop that flows
Round the huge earth, or freezes in its snows.
Discovery smiled with wonder at the sight,
And brisk Invention seized it with delight;
And lo! puissant STEAM, a servant mild,
Titan in force, but duteous as a child,
Put forth for man a strength unknown before,
And raised with mighty arms the ponderous ore;
Plied the quick shuttles in the weaver's room,
Sparing his strength while it enrich'd his loom;
Whirl'd its great wheels triumphant o'er the deep
Though tides and winds were adverse or asleep;
And on the land, adown the assisting rail,
Drove its hot chariot swifter than the gale.

And with these triumphs of the active mind,
That serve, improve, and elevate mankind,
Came others, dearer and more glorious still,
Than all th' increase of knowledge or of skill.
Bright though they be, not these alone convey
To eyes that pine, the light of perfect day;

They polish man, but rightly understood,
They cannot make him either wise or good;
Deeper conceal'd within the soul's recess,
Lies the great aid of earthly happiness—
The love of Freedom!—since the world began,
Cherish'd and prized by individual man,
But never taught, within its wide embrace,
To clasp with joy the whole of human race,
Until the Christ upraised the welcome call—
"Freedom to slaves!—good-will and peace to all!
"None is too base or lowly to be free—
"None is too poor to be received by me."

These are the words that civilize the world;
This simple truth has, single-handed, hurl'd
The tyrants down, that in their thralls would bind
The hearts and souls of patient human-kind.
This first great triumph leads to all the rest,
And gives man power to bless and to be bless'd;
This gives the heart the leisure to be wise,
And makes true goodness with its heavenward eyes

Act on the hope, that ere yon heaven it know,
It has a mission to fulfil below,
And that he best obeys the Almighty plan,
Who aids, consoles, and loves his fellow-man.

And thus while Art increases all around,
And Peace down showers her blossoms on the ground,
While Knowledge shows her visage beaming bright
In darken'd nooks that never saw the light,
Freedom takes root, and flourishes the more
From all the triumphs that have gone before.
Wickliffe and Luther, and those hallow'd names
Who died for conscience in consuming flames,
Unfurl'd a banner, in the olden time,
Round which have rallied men of every clime;
Pure deeds their weapons, steadfast hearts their wall,
Their cry is "Freedom" for themselves — for all!
"Freedom for worship, rise where'er it will,
"From gorgeous dome, or damp unshelter'd hill,
"Freedom for thought, that shall not know decrease,
"Freedom for prayer and praise, and words of peace."

This right secured — behold, the faithful band,
Who prize its blessings, rising in the land,
To share their joy with all beneath the skies,
They look abroad with pity-beaming eyes;
The sad they cheer, the ignorant they teach —
To souls in error, purer doctrines preach;
To the lost wand'rer point the way aright,
On mental blindness pour the healing light;
In arms fraternal clasp the injured slave,
And raise their voice to liberate and save.

Grand and auspicious was that happy time
When England rose, majestic and sublime;
Arm'd with the strength that only arms the just,
The light of Truth flash'd in her eyes august;
Wide o'er the earth her mighty hands she spread,
While rays of glory beam'd about her head —
The listless nations started and awoke,
As with loud voice the cheering words she spoke:
"No more," she cried, "no more, thou teeming earth,
"For me or mine, shalt thou to slaves give birth;

"No more for me shall helots till the soil —
"Stripes their reward, and pain and hopeless toil;
"No more shall slaves produce vile wealth for me—
"Joy! Afric, joy! thy swarthy sons are free!
"Hear, all ye nations! hear the voice of truth,
"And wake to pity and redeeming ruth;
"The wealth is cursed that springs from human woe,
"And he who trades in men is England's foe:
"Freedom, God's gift, was kindly meant for all —
"Poor suffering slaves! this hour your fetters fall!"
Earth, as she heard the loud majestic voice,
Shouted reply, and bade her sons rejoice:
The wise and good of every clime and caste
Hail'd a fair future, fairer than the past,
And pictured fondly, in the coming time,
Less blood and tears, less misery and crime.
Great was the boon, and pledge of thousands more—
Herald of peace, and days of bliss in store.
Such let us deem it, for we look around,
And find a curse that still afflicts the ground;

We find, in spite of all the wonders done,
That man's improvement has but just begun.
Still half the world lies groaning in the gloom,
Error their portion, misery their doom.
The light of truth has never shed its ray
O'er fairest climes that blossom to the day;
Beauteous and bright in trees, and flowers, and fruits,
But cursed with savage men and savage brutes.
And o'er those lands where man is more refined,
Where science blooms and learning cheers the mind,
How vast the torrent of the tears that flow,
How vast the amount of ignorance and woe!
Still are the millions doom'd to sweat and moil,
And pass long days in harsh, incessant toil,
Gaining hard bread, while bitterly they rue
That they are doom'd to labour for the few.
Cold Superstition still her chill imparts;
Still ancient Error rankles in their hearts;
And still, all lost and humbled though they be,
They doff their caps, and shout with noisy glee,

When pass the heroes in triumphal car,
Who mowed them down by thousands in a war!
Their own bad passions make them still the prey
Of men designing and more fierce than they;
Still are they slaves to hate, revenge, and lust,
Fiends to their neighbours, to themselves unjust.
Yet who shall say these evils shall not cease,
And earth awake to happiness and peace?
They err who say that man to grief is born,
That hopeless thousands are but made to mourn;
Heaven has not issued such a harsh decree —
Man's is the guilt, as man's the misery!
They are no dreamers who, with steadfast hope,
Comprise all nature in their love's wide scope,
And see afar that bright approaching day
When human sorrows shall dissolve away.
Great though the evils that affect us yet,
The sun has risen, and never shall it set!
Bright shine its beams upon a world of woe,
To warm, refine, and gladden all below:

The mild religion, breathing Love and Peace,
Still o'er the earth shall prosper and increase;
Knowledge and Art shall follow in its train,
And darken'd regions smile in light again:
And man become, no more in error blind,
The friend of man, the blessing of his kind.

And who shall doubt, and say this happy creed
Shall fail the nations in their hour of need?
Who shall assert that man, for ever lost,
Must wander pining, worn, and tempest-tost?
Forbid the thought! the holy work begun,
Shows the true soul the good that may be done.
The olden prophets saw the coming time —
Isaiah sang it in his chant sublime;
And in the manger when the Saviour lay,
The angels hail'd the dawning of the day.

Go forth! ye friends and lovers of your kind!
Traverse the world from Labrador to Ind —
To every clime, go, prospering and elate,
Noble your cause, and be your efforts great:

Go forth, and teach the creed of love and peace,
And all the rest shall follow and increase.
Teach the sad world, and scatter all around
The fruitful seeds upon the ready ground.
Teach! teach the world! and all its mental night
Shall melt away in fulness of the light!
The Hope of heaven shall elevate and cheer,
And Peace and Knowledge strew their blessings here;
Science shall bloom in many a distant isle,
Fierce men grow tame, and wildernesses smile;
War shall no longer dare uplift its hands
To strike the prosperous and happy lands;
Its loud alarum shall the earth forget;—
Men's swords shall rust, or turn to ploughshares yet!
Hark! the glad chorus of the angel choirs
Striking with joyous hands their heavenly lyres!
They sing the anthem that they sang of old
To the poor shepherds watching by the fold;
"On earth good-will, that never more shall cease—
"Glory to God! and universal Peace!"

Look up, ye nations, with exulting eyes,
And hail the hope that brightens in your skies!
Rejoice ye seraphim that pray for man,
He lies no longer under evil ban;
The scales have fallen from his mental sight,
He sees afar and loves th' approaching light.
He, too, perchance, ere ages roll away,
Will join that hymn the angels sing for aye,
And shout the pæan full of love sublime,
In every nook of every distant clime—
"On earth good-will, that never more shall cease—
"Glory to God, and universal Peace!"

NIENTE SENZA L'AMORE.

PART I.

THE PRAYER OF ADAM, ALONE IN PARADISE.

PART II.

THE DREAM OF THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

NIENTE SENZA L'AMORE.

PART I.

THE PRAYER OF ADAM, ALONE IN PARADISE.

L' aria, la terra e l'acqua è d'amor piene.—PETRARCH.

O FATHER, hear!
  Thou know'st my secret thought;
Thou know'st, with love and fear,
I bend before Thy mighty throne,
  And before Thee I hold myself as nought.
Alas! I 'm in the world alone,
  All desolate upon the earth;
And when my spirit hears the tone,
  The soft song of the birds in mirth,

When the young nightingales
  Their tender voices blend,
When from the flowery vales
  Their hymns of love ascend;
Oh! then I feel there is a void for me,
  A bliss too little in this world so fair;
To Thee, O Father, do I flee,
  To Thee for solace breathe the prayer.
And when the rosy morn
  Smiles on the dewy trees,
When music's voice is borne
  Far on the gentle breeze;
When o'er the bowers I stray,
  The fairest fruits to bring,
And on Thy shrine to lay
  A fervent offering;
Father of many spheres!
  When bending thus before Thy throne,
My spirit weeps with silent tears,
  To think that I must pray alone!

And when at evening's twilight dim,
  When peaceful slumber shuts mine eye,
And when the gentle seraphim
  Bend from their bright homes in the sky:
When angels walk the quiet earth,
To glory in creation's birth;
Then, Father, in my dreams I see
  A gentle being o'er me bent,
Radiant with love, and like to me,
  But of a softer lineament:
I strive to clasp her to my heart,
  That we may live and be but one —
Ah, wherefore, lovely beam, depart,
  Why must I wake and find thee gone?
Almighty, in Thy wisdom high,
Thou saidst, that when I sin I die:
And once my spirit could not see
How that which *is* could cease to be;

Death was a vague unfathom'd thing,
  On which the thought forbore to dwell,
But love has oped its secret spring,
  And now I know it well!
To die, must be to live alone,
Unloved, uncherish'd, and unknown,
Without the sweet one of my dreams
  To cull the fragrant flowers with me,
To wander by the morning's beams,
  And raise the hymn of thanks to *Thee*.
But, Father of the earth,
  Lord of this boundless sphere,
If 'tis Thy high unchanging will
  That I should linger here;
If 'tis Thy will that I should rove
  Alone, o'er Eden's smiling bowers,
Grant that the young birds' song of love,
  And the breeze sporting 'mong the flowers,
May to my spirit cease to be
A music and a mystery!

Grant that my soul no more may feel
  The soft sounds breathing everywhere;
That Nature's voice may cease to hymn
Love's universal prayer:
For all around, in earth or sea,
And the blue heaven's immensity,
Whisper it forth in many a tone,
And tell me I am all alone!

NIENTE SENZA L'AMORE.

PART II.

THE DREAM OF THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

THE sea was calm, the winds were fair,
  Lightly o'er the deep we passed,
We thought no more on toil and pain,
  For we drew near home at last;
The very sails made music sweet
  As they flapp'd against the mast.
The fair-faced moon looked softly down,
  Tinging the small waves with her light;
Many a heart beat anxiously,
  Many an eye look'd bright,
To catch a glimpse of Albion's shore,
  That gleam'd in the distance white.

I leant upon the vessel's side,
  And thoughts came crowding o'er my soul,
As the welcome wind and tide
  Drove to the wish'd-for goal;
And thou, O loved one of my youth!
Remember'd still thy plighted truth.
In fancy's dream I saw thee stand,
All lonely, on the ocean strand,
Straining thy bright eyes o'er the sea,
To catch a glimpse of love and me.
I clasp'd thee to my constant heart,
And swore we never more would part,
When suddenly a shriek
  Rose piercing o'er the wave!
We'd struck upon a hidden rock—
  The vessel reel'd—the grave,
The billowy grave, with greedy clasp,
Drew us down deep—and then the gasp
Of death, passed quick o'er many a lip;

Many a gallant soul departed,
And the wind began to sob and sigh,
Like a weak man broken-hearted.
I sank into the deep abyss;
But with a desperate strife,
I buffeted the roaring waves,
And fought with them for life.
'Twas but a minute; o'er my soul
A leaden lethargy there stole,
And o'er my frame a sleep;
But ah! not dreamless, for my brain
Conjured a vision full of pain,
Most palpable, most deep.

* * * * *

Methought the fierce illimitable sea
Had swallow'd up the land.
Methought, with one wide sweep,
Led by Jehovah's hand,
This second deluge had come on,

And in its pitiless fury hurl'd
Ravage and ruin o'er the world.
Methought that Ætna's fires were drench'd
By the devouring sea;
That Chimboraço's mightier peak
Was quench'd eternally;
And that I with an angel's wings
Flew onwards still, and found no rest;
Nought met mine eye,
But the grey-colour'd sky,
And the wide ocean's ever-heaving breast.
Silence was over all,
Except when rose the blast,
Fitfully rushing o'er the sea;
And I claim'd kindred with it, as it pass'd,
Because it mourn'd like me
O'er the departed earth,
And wept that in its course it saw no life
And heard no voice of mirth,
No sound of human passion or of strife.

I was alone—all else had fled—
  In the vast world I was alone:
Earth's children were all dead
  And buried with their mother in the deep,
Which had claim'd all things for its own,
  And left but me to weep.
And yet amid this deep distress,
This utter, utter weariness,
But *one* desire was in my heart,
  One feeling o'er my soul imprest,
One thought all other thoughts above,
And that was the desire of love
  Burning for ever in my breast.
How could I love? With weary ken
  I turned my gaze across the sea;
But perish'd was the race of men,
  There was no living thing but me,
  Not even a blossom or a tree.——

Sadly I looked upon the flood
And sadly on the sombre sky;
And, in the bitterness of grief,
I pray'd to the Most High:—
"O Father of this dreary world,
"Father of all that is or were,
"Parent of many spheres, to Thee
"I raise the humble prayer.
"Last of my race—a lonely man—
"Nought breathes the breath of life but me;
"The fair, the beautiful green land
"Has found a grave beneath the sea,
"And there is none to worship Thee.
"Sunk, sunk for ever is the populous earth;
"And from the desolate sea there is no birth;—
"No living thing, whose prayer
"May mount with mine above,
"On whom this bursting heart
"May pour o'erflowing love.

"What have I done? what have I done?
"That it should be decreed my doom
"To wander over Nature's tomb,
"That I should only live to mourn
"A world that never can return?
"But sweet would be the task to weep,
"Even on this wide, this endless deep,
"If there were one to share my woe,
"Some gentle one to sigh with me,
"Some heart whose tears with mine might flow:
"Then 'twould be sweet to worship Thee!
"But—as it is—better to die
"Than live alone in this immensity."

* * * * *

* * * * *

The restless waves had ceas'd to moan,
The storm had ceas'd to blow,
And the loud winds, in milder tone,
Began to murmur low,

And pleasant sounds came o'er the deep,
  And floated on the air,
And rais'd me from the dark abyss
  Of sorrow and despair.
With lighter heart I look'd again
  O'er ocean's boundless scope,
Then turn'd my glance upon the sky
  In gladness and in hope.
The dismal clouds had roll'd away,
  The sky was clear and blue,
And, Oh! to glad my longing eyes,
  One star was peering through.
O lovely star! O welcome ray!
  It was a beauteous sight,
Alone upon the waters wide,
  To gaze upon its light.
For hours I look'd, until it seem'd
  To change upon my view;
While soft sweet sounds came from the sky,
  And from the waters blue.

And then I saw two radiant eyes
  Bent anxiously on mine;
While to a face the bright star changed—
  Beloved, it was thine!
I woke—upon the beach I lay,
  And thou, my beautiful, mine own,
Wast bending o'er my pallid cheek,
  Beside the waters lone,
And smiling 'mid thy tears, to see
  That all had not been vain
To call my dreaming spirit back
  To consciousness again.

SACRED MELODIES.

SACRED MELODIES.

I.

"AND GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

EARTH heard the loud, the solemn sound,
And started from her utmost bound;
And Darkness, on his ebon car,
Spread his black wings, and fled afar;
The dun clouds open'd at the sight,
And hail'd the burst of life and light!

"'Tis light! 'tis light!" the mountains rung,
"'Tis light! 'tis light!" the valleys sung!
The stars beheld its dawning bright,
The spheres confess'd the Godhead's might,
While Nature's universal voice
Proclaim'd aloud, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

II.

WEEPING FOR THE DEAD.

Oh! why should we bewail the dead,
Why sorrow o'er their narrow bed?
Have they not sought the happy shore,
Where human cares oppress no more?
Bewail them not!—more blest than we,
From mortal woes and anguish free,
Their parted spirits rest in peace
In the still land where troubles cease!

Bewail them not! their bright abode
Is with a Father and a God:
Freed from Corruption's cold embrace,
They see th' Almighty face to face.

No sorrows move the faithful dead,
No woes disturb their narrow bed;
In the still land, where troubles cease,
Their parted spirits rest in peace.

III.

THE DOVE OF NOAH.

Hope on her wings, and God her guide,
  The dove of Noah soar'd,
Far through the dim unfathom'd space,
  Where shoreless ocean roar'd.
But, ah! she found no valley green,
  No resting-place,—no track,
Until the peaceful ark received
  The weary wanderer back.

So we, on Life's tempestuous sea,
  Beset by grief and pain,
May seek a solace here below,
  But ah! the search is vain.

A resting-place for weary man
  Is only found above;
The ark to which the soul returns
  Is the Almighty's love.

IV.

REPENTANCE.

By the red lightning rent and riven,
  And stretch'd along the plain,
Can the tall oak extend to heaven
  Its gay green boughs again?
Or when a star hath lost its track,
  And faded from on high,
Can aught restore the lost one back
  To glory and the sky?
No; the tall oak no more can spread
  Its green leaves to the blast,
Nor can the meteor which hath fled,
  Recall its splendours past.

Can man, deep sunk in guilty care,
  And press'd by human ill,
Gain triumph o'er his dark despair,
  And find a solace still?
Yes! *He* who for our ransom bled,
  Holds back th' avenging rod,
When meek Contrition bows her head,
  Repenting, to her God.
Though dark the sin—though deep the heart
  Be sunk in guilt and pain,
Yet Mercy can a balm impart,
  And raise it up again!

V.

RESIGNATION.

In cold misfortune's cheerless day,
  When joy and peace and love depart,
When friends deceive, and hopes decay,
  And sorrows press the heavy heart,
  O Lord! *Thou* canst relief impart;
'Tis *Thou* canst cheer the wounded mind,
  'Tis *Thou* canst heal affliction's smart;—
Teach us to pray, and be resigned.

And oh! should changeful fortune frown,
  Or those we love prove true no more,
Should Death's relentless hand strike down
  Those who return'd the love we bore;

Still let us worship and adore,
  And seek the peace we yet may find;—
Teach us, O Father! we implore,
  To trust in *Thee*, and be resign'd!

VI.

MARINERS' PRAYER,

DURING A STORM.

THE loud blast leaps from wave to wave,
Around our heads the thunders rave,
And dark, dark is the midnight sky,
Save when the lightning flashes high.
O God whom we revere!
Thy voice can still the raging deep,
Thy mercy lull the winds to sleep—
Then, Father, hear!
In *Thee* we trust—to *Thee* we fly—
Guide and protect us, or we die!

The yawning waves around us dash,
And shine in the glare of the lightning's flash;
The billows rush—the breakers roar,
And drive our bark on the rocky shore.
Lord! in this deadly fear,
We have no hope—no help but *Thee;*
Thy voice alone can calm the sea—
Then, Father, hear!
In *Thee* we trust—to *Thee* we fly,
Guide and protect us, or we die!

VII.

THE ENQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for Pity as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favour'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs?
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for awhile, and sigh'd, to answer "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud, the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd—
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?"
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd, "Yes! in Heaven!"

VIII.

SAUL AND DAVID.

A VOICE of wailing and of grief
  Fills the proud monarch's regal hall,
There 's madness on the kingly brow,
  There 's frenzy in the soul of Saul.
Where is the bard whose soothing song
  Can solace to the mind impart?
Whose lips can utter words of peace,
  And drive the demon from the heart?

He comes, the shepherd-minstrel comes,
  His hallow'd fingers sweep the lyre;
He comes, he comes, the holy bard,
  All radiant with prophetic fire.
And thus, preluding on the strings,
A bold and joyous song he sings:

"Fill, fill the bowl with rosy wine,
To cheer the bosom of the king,
Deep in the goblet let it shine,
And wreathe it round with flowers of spring;
The morn of life is on the wing,
The time that flies returns no more:
Joy hath its grief—love hath its sting—
But wine rejoices to the core."

The minstrel ceased—the monarch smiled,
But still the song was vain,
It could not calm the frenzy wild
That burn'd within his brain.—
He raves! he raves!—O minstrel mild!
Re-tune thy lyre again.

"Where shall the gloom that prompts the sigh
Find light, if not in Beauty's eye?
Where shall the aching forehead rest,
If not upon her snowy breast?

Love is the solace and relief,
Love is the balm for care and grief."

The monarch scarcely heard the lay,
Delicious though it were,
And as its murmurs died away,
His eyes began to glare.
O minstrel! still thy song is vain;
Perchance some sadder air
May drive the fury from his brain. [again!
Hark! how the numbers fall, he strikes the lyre

"The Lord is good, the Lord is great!
Long doth his loving-kindness last;
The heart that hath for pardon sued,
Ne'er weeps in vain its errors past.
'Tis *He* can heal the suffering soul,
'Tis *He* can cheer in sorrow's day——"
The monarch heard—then smiled—then wept—
The evil spirit pass'd away.

IX.

OUR SAVIOUR'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

The eagle hath stoop'd from his eyrie on high,
Weep, daughter of Salem, the spoiler is nigh;
Weep, weep and lament, for he comes in his wrath,
And the vengeance of God is the guide of his path;
I see his fierce horsemen prepare for the war,
And I hear their loud shouts as they rush from afar.

Mourn, mourn and lament, for thy strength shall be riven,
And the star of thy glory be blotted from heaven;
Thy towers and thy temples, now gleaming in air,
Shall be low as thy shame in that day of despair;

Thy pitiless foe shall exult o'er thy fall,
And the God thou hast scorn'd shall be deaf to
thy call.

How often, O Salem, I 've wept by thy side,
And mourn'd for thy sons in their blindness and pride!
How often I 've pray'd and implored thee in vain
To repent, and return to thy Father again!
Why, daughter of Salem, O why wouldst thou spurn
The grace and the hope that can never return?

The heathen shall come, and shall raze to the earth
The lordly abodes of thy pride and thy mirth;
With the blood of thy sons shall thy altars be stain'd,
And the shrine of thy God shall be rent and profaned;
On the walls of the temple the spoiler shall tread—
Weep, weep! for the beam of thy glory hath fled.

Then, daughter of Salem, in grief and despair,
When the fires of thy dwellings shall redden the air,

When thy victor shall taunt thee, and scoff at thy cries,
As the smoke of the Temple ascends to the skies;
When trampled—insulted—rejected—abhorr'd,
Then, Zion, O *then*, thou'lt remember the Lord.

X.

GOD IN THE STORM.

A TEMPEST rent the starry dome,
And tortured ocean into foam.
Bending to earth my humbled head,
In solemn and religious dread,
  And kneeling on the sod,
I heard a voice proclaim aloud,
Whose echoes sprang from cloud to cloud,
  "Great is the Lord our God!"

And ocean swell'd its waters vast,
  Repeating, as it roar'd
In chorus with the furious blast,
  "Oh, mighty is the Lord!"
While the fierce lightning, flashing high,
Traced the dread accents on the sky,
Writing, as with a fiery rod,
"Oh, mighty is the Lord our God!"

XI.

THE INFINITUDE OF MERCY.

SAY not that any crime of man
  Was e'er too great to be forgiven;—
Can we within our little span
  Engrasp the viewless winds of heaven?
Shall we attempt with puny force
  To lash back ocean with a rod,
Arrest the planets in their course,
  Or weigh the mercies of a God?

Our mercies, like ourselves, may be
  Small, finite, and ungracious ever,
May spurn a brother's bended knee,
  But God's forsake the contrite never;
Vast as Himself they shine above,
  To eyes that look through sorrow's tear;
Great though the crime, great is the love,
  If those who seek it are sincere.

XII.

THE BOW OF PROMISE.

When skies are dark, and tempests blow,
  And clouds discharge their rain,
Appears in heaven the radiant bow,
  And all is bright again.
Type of the promise kindly given
  To man in days of yore,
That the incessant ire of Heaven
  Should drown the earth no more.

So in the heart where sorrow dwells,
  And all is dark with care,
One cheering beam the gloom dispels,
  And keeps away despair.

When once that hallow'd light appears
  Athwart the clouds of woe,
A glory shines in human tears,
  And gilds them as they flow.

Like to the rainbow in the sky,
  When storms their fury dart,
That other bow appears on high
  When storms are in the heart—
"TRUST in the promises of God;"
  It smiles amid the gloom,
Lightens affliction's heaviest rod,
  And cheers the darkest doom.

REVERIES.

REVERIES.

TO THE WINDS.

I called on the rushing blast.—OSSIAN.

WIND of the winter night, whence comest thou?
And whither, oh! whither, art wandering now?
Sad, sad is thy voice on this desolate moor,
And mournful, oh! mournful, thy howl at my door.
Say, where hast thou been on thy cloud-lifted car,
Say, what hast thou seen in thy roamings afar,
What sorrow impels thee, thou boisterous blast,
Thus to mourn and complain as thou journeyest past?
Dost weep that the green sunny summer hath fled,
That the leaves of the forest are withered and dead,

That the groves and the woodlands re-echo no more
The light-hearted music they teem'd with of yore?
That the song of the lark and the hum of the bee,
Have ceased for awhile on the snow-cover'd lea?
Say, wind of the winter-night, whence comest thou,
And whither, oh! whither, art wandering now?

"I have come from the deep, where the storm in its wrath
Spread havoc and death on its pitiless path,
Where the billows rose up as the lightnings flew by,
And twisted their arms in the dun-colour'd sky:
And I saw a frail vessel, all torn by the wave,
Drawn down with her crew to a fathomless grave,
And I heard the loud creek of her hull as I past,
And the flap of her sails and the crash of her mast;
And I raised my shrill voice on the cold midnight air,
To drown the last cry of the sailor's despair,
But it smote on my ear like the tocsin of death,
As he strove with the fierce-rolling waters for breath;

'Tis his requiem I tune as I howl through the sky,
And repent of the fury that caused him to die.

"And far have I roam'd on the desolate shore,
And the cold dreary wastes of the tenantless moor,
Where a hoary old man journey'd on thro' the plain,
To his bright-blazing hearth and his children again;
And I sigh'd as I rush'd o'er that desert of snow,
For I saw not the path where the traveller should go:
For a moment he paused in that wilderness drear,
And clasp'd his cold hands as he listen'd to hear
The bark of his dog from his cot in the dell,
Or the long-wish'd for toll of the far village bell.
Poor weary old man! he was feeble and chill,
And the sounds that he loved were all silent and still.
For vainly he turn'd his dim glance to the sky,
And vainly he sought with his tremulous eye
Some light in the distance, whose pale beaming ray
Might guide him aright on his comfortless way;

Till, fainting and chill, he turn'd wearily back,
And tried to recover the snow-hidden track:
Ah! vainly he strove, and no sound could he hear,
To tell his sad heart that a refuge was near,
When, worn by the load of his toil and his woe,
He mutter'd a prayer, and sank down on the snow!
And I heard the last gasp of his quick fleeting breath,
His last dying groan, as he struggled with death:
And I mourn for him now on this desolate moor,
And tune his sad dirge as I howl at thy door.

"I have been where the snow on the chill mountain
peak
Would have frozen the blood in the ruddiest cheek,
And for many a dismal and desolate day,
No beam of the sunshine has brighten'd my way;
But I weep not that winter hath bared the green tree,
And hush'd the sweet voice of the bird and the bee;
I sigh not that Summer hath fled from the plain,
For the Spring will return in its brightness again;

But I mourn and complain for the wail and the woe
That I've seen on my course as I journey'd below;
For I've heard the loud shout of the Demon of War,
And the peal of his guns as they flash'd from afar,
And heard the lone widows and orphans complain,
As they wet with their tears the pale cheeks of the slain;
And I sigh as I think on the miseries of man,
And the crimes and the follies that measure his span."

THE SEA-SHORE.

Come, gentle phantasie,
Come to my lone retreat,
Beside the rolling sea,
Where the playful billows beat:
Come at still twilight's time,
When the star of evening beams above,
And looks on earth with a look of love,
From her far cerulean clime;
And on the shore
The waters' roar
Shall to our ears rough music make,
And sweet shall be
Their melody,
As the wind doth o'er them break.

Now fades the daylight o'er the deep,
  And now the struggle and the strife,
  The cares and toils of busy life,
Sink for awhile in sleep:
  And *she*, Thought's pallid queen,
    Arises on her gentle way,
    Scattering far her tremulous ray
  With calm and holy sheen.
  Now is the hour when Feeling wakes,
  Now is the hour when Fancy takes
    Her far and heavenward flight;
  Now every evil passion dies,
  Now Hope lifts up her gentle eyes—
    O lovely hour of night!
  I gaze upon the roaring sea,
And vague deep thoughts crowd o'er my mind.
  There lies the dread immensity,
And o'er the region of the wind

Lies an immensity more dread,
On which the thought can not repose,
Whose secrets we can not disclose—
O! happy, happy dead!
Perchance to you your God has given
To know the secrets of the heaven,
On angels' wings afar to fly,
And scan the wonders of the sky;
And often, 'mid the darkness dim,
The soul forgets its feeble shell,
As if 'twould pierce the ways of *Him*
Whose ways no human heart can tell.
The soul expands, as if to see
If it can grasp Eternity,
And pass the bounds of time and space—
But, ah! there is no resting-place
For such adventurous flight.
These are the aspirings of the spirit
To the home it shall inherit;

A dim, faint dream,
A feeble gleam
Of what the soul may be when pass'd this
earthly night.

THE NYMPH OF SOLITUDE.

WHY, Solitude, why hath the minstrel forsaken
The festive repast of the fair and the free?
Why leaves he the city,
The wise and the witty,
To roam thro' the woods in communion with thee?
"He flies from the board of the rich and the lovely,
He flies from the wiles of the proud and the vain,
Adown the wood stealing,
He comes to my shieling,
To gain back his peace and his wisdom again."

Why, Solitude, why hath the maiden forsaken
Her couch for the shore of the desolate sea?
Why leaves she her pillow
To gaze on the billow?
What charms can she find in communion with thee?

"She roams all alone in the silence and darkness,
To think undisturb'd on her lover afar;
She seeks the lone shingle,
In sadness to mingle
Her sighs and her prayers for her absent Hussar."

Why, Solitude, why do the worn and the weary,
The sad and the sorrowful, fly to thy side?
With thee do they wander,
In sadness to ponder
O'er joys and o'er hopes which the world hath denied?
"Communion with man can but render them cunning,
Communion with Nature doth render them wise:
Adown the wood stealing,
They come to my shieling,
And find in my bosom the peace which they prize!"

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

"Muse des bois et des accords champêtres."

FAR from bustle, strife, and care,
'Mong the woods I 've woo'd her,
And to her secluded nook,
By the margin of a brook,
And by waters bright and blue,
Over meadows wet with dew,
Many a time pursued her:
And far away in forests lone,
Listening to the plaintive tone
Of the windy weather,
She and I, at midnight's time,
Have sat and sung together.

Poor she is in things of earth,
Poor in worldly treasure,
But she hath a smile of light,
And an eye of hazel bright,
Beaming love and pleasure.
A forest maid, she loves to dwell
In her solitary cell,
Nursing, in her still retreat,
All the passions mild and sweet;
And breathing many a plaintive ditty
Of Hope, and Joy, and Love, and Pity.
She is a fair and woodland nymph,
A wild and artless mountain beauty
Whose witching tongue,
Doth lure the young
From lucre and hard duty.
This nymph so poor, and yet so free,
Who can she be but POESY?

TO AN EAGLE.

O FOR thy cleaving wings,
  To brave the rugged blast,
In spite of wind and storm to soar
  O'er mount and meadow vast!
O that I might, like thee,
  O'er Alpine summits fly,
And travel, unconfined and free,
  The nearest to the sky!

O that mine eye, like thine,
  Upon the sun might gaze,
And revel in that living light,
  Undazzled by the blaze!
O that my rapid flight
  O'er boundless ether driven,
Might never leave, for things of earth,
  The brighter ones of heaven!

Here, when the soul inspired
  Would leave the world behind,
Forgetting its affinity
  To sorrow and mankind,
With eye like thine, to scan
  The wonders of its birth,
Some petty care disturbs its flight,
  And draws it back to earth.

O for thy cleaving wings!
  O for thy toppling nest!
To dwell upon the mountain tops,
  With Nature for my guest:
Fann'd by the rushing wind,
  Rejoicing in the blast,
And soaring in the light of morn
  O'er woods and waters vast!

NIGHT.

O Night and Silence, ye are wondrous strong.—BYRON.

'TIS sweet to roam alone
In some sequester'd wood,
When slumbering Echo hears no sound,
When Night and Silence spread around
A holy solitude;
When through the vales,
Capricious gales
Sweep fitfully along in melancholy mood.

Oh! in that solemn hour,
When starry Night has flung
Her balmy mantle o'er the dale,
And when the love-lorn nightingale
Her last complaint has sung;

When all is still,
O'er grove and hill,
Oh! then the Spirit wakes, and Silence has a tongue!

Silence, on dusky wing,
Recals the dim years fled.
Before the pensive spirit, move
Visions of friendship and of love,
Thoughts of the peaceful dead,
Who, though they sleep
In darkness deep,
Lie not forgotten in their quiet bed.

Silence awakens Hope,
Crown'd with consoling light,
Who wipes away the tear of woe,
That Memory might have caused to flow,
And gladdens Sorrow's night;
Like a gay dream,
Her cheering beam
Dispels the gathering mist, and all again is bright.

Silence is eloquent
In converse with the mind;
Beneath your beam, ye silent stars,
Fancy forgets life's petty jars,
And leaves dull earth behind;
With daring eye
It soars on high,
Flies o'er the boundless heaven and treads the stormy wind.

THE LARK.

WHITHER, O sweet lark! whither away,
Soaring so high in the dawning grey?
I see thee not, but I hear thy voice,
Singing aloud, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

As long as the fields and the woods are green,
The breezes soft, and the sky serene,
Happy art thou, O bird of morn!
Greeting the beam o'er the far hills borne.

O for a wing and a voice like thine,
To revel and sing in the morning shine!
O for a spirit untouched by care,
A soul unworn by the world's despair!

Floating aloft on thy russet wing,
Pleasant to thee are the days of spring;
Thou hast no sorrow to make *thee* moan,
For sorrow is man's, and man's alone!

Whither, O sweet lark! whither away,
Soaring so high in the dawning grey?
I see thee not, but I hear thy voice,
Singing aloud, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Pauvre feuille desséchée! où vas-tu?—ARNAULT.

POOR autumn leaf! down floating
Upon the blustering gale;
Torn from thy bough,
Where goest now,
Wither'd, and shrunk, and pale?

"I go, thou sad inquirer,
As list the winds to blow,
Sear, sapless, lost,
And tempest-tost,
I go where all things go.

"The rude winds bear me onward
As suiteth them, not me,
O'er dale, o'er hill,
Through good, through ill,
As Destiny bears thee.

"What though for me one summer,
And threescore for thy breath —
I live my span,
Thou thine, poor man!
And then adown to death!

"And thus we go together
For lofty as thy lot
And lowly mine,
My fate is thine,
To die, and be forgot!"

TO ROMANCE.

Sweet deceiver! who so oft
Hast lull'd my soul with visions soft;
When the heart is new and young,
Thou dost come with honey'd tongue,
Whispering to confiding youth
Tales of Friendship, Love, and Truth:
In thy mirror, life is seen
Bright and pure, and ever green! —
Alas! and must thy visions fade?
Thy brightness darken into shade? —
The clear, but cold reality
Breathes upon thy reverie —
Straight thy fairy visions fly,
Their gorgeous hues grow pale and die;
We find that in Misfortune's day
Friendship can wither or betray;

We find that dirty gold can buy
The glance of love in Beauty's eye;
That sordid wealth can cover crime,
That merit stoops while blockheads climb!
Romance! thy fairy spell is o'er,
Thy lovely visions charm no more;
Too often by thy wiles betray'd,
I'll woo no more thy gentle aid;—
Yet why?—— 'Tis pleasing to believe—
Thy dreams are sweet, though they deceive.

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

THE HONEST MAN.

If his heart all undaunted ne'er quail'd before danger,
Or fail'd to beat high for the right,
If his doors were ne'er shut on the poor and the stranger,
His tongue never false to its plight,
To him we will drink, as a king among men —
Wassail, oh! wassail! good health to him then!

If Honour can dazzle, or Freedom inspire him
To fight in her cause ere she sink,
If the wrongs of his kind or his country can fire him,
A bumper to him we will drink.
Though humble and poor, he is king among men,
Wassail, oh! wassail! good health to him then!

SONG TO THE HARVEST MOON.

In the deep silence of the night,
We come, O Harvest Moon!
To dance beneath thy gentle light,
To many a merry tune:
We come, whilst thou in thoughtful sheen
Art beaming from the blue,
Through wild wood lone and meadow green,
When falls the mellow dew!
To pledge at midnight's solemn noon
A health to thee, O Harvest Moon!

Whilst thou alone dost beam on high,
In jolly groups we pass,
Among the sheaves of corn and rye,
To drain the brimming glass;

Or go, when song and dance are o'er,
  A-roaming through the wheat,
Or whisper love, in thickets hoar,
  To many a maiden sweet,
Calling on thee, at midnight's noon,
To hear our vows, O Harvest Moon!

THE GREEN BAY TREE.

"Where is the place of their first fond meeting,
Where, oh! where, is that green bay tree,
Under whose cover
The maid and her lover
Plighted eternal constancy?"
Oh! the winter nights were bleak and dreary,
The storms of summer were fierce and free;
Its trunk is shatter'd,
Its branches are scatter'd,
Oh! wither'd and dead is that green bay tree!

"Where are the lovers who courted its shadow,
Where, oh! where, may those fond ones be?
The troth which they plighted,
How is it requited—
Say, have they forgotten that green bay tree?"

The lover was fickle, and would not remember;
He met with another more fair than she;
For her—broken-hearted,
Her peace hath departed,
The maiden doth fade like the green bay tree!

THE INVITATION.

Come, maidens come, to our merry dance,
Youth and Beauty, come together;
Let young hearts meet
In converse sweet,
At twilight's time, in the summer weather:
By the pale light of the thoughtful moon,
When all is hush'd, save the sighing breeze;
In a still and balmy night of June,
Under the leaves of the linden trees.

There song shall awake its softest tones,
Opening all the soul to pleasure;
At silent eve
Our feet shall weave
The jocund dance to its melting measure.
Come, maidens come, when the night-bird's tune
Is wafted afar on the gentle breeze,
Come to our dance, when the watchful moon
Shines through the leaves of the linden trees.

AMERICAN INDIANS

AT THE

GRAVES OF THEIR FATHERS.

FAR away from the white man's smoke,
  In the woods and in silence deep,
Under the shade of the beech and oak,
  The bones of the heroes sleep.
And there we go when the sky is grey,
  We go, and we shed no tears,
But bend our heads to the earth, and pray
  For the men of many years.

Lightly we tread o'er the grassy mounds,
  Where the ancient fathers rest;
They are gone to the happy hunting-grounds,
  They are gone, and they are blest!

Strong in the battle — fleet in the chase,
And wise when the old men met;
Their spirits dwell in the pleasant place,
But their sons remember yet.

THE INDIAN'S WAR SONG.

I SAW a stain on the last year's snow,
  Brothers! a stain of blood!
But the cold hath pass'd, and the warm winds blow,
  And the trees are in the bud.
The snow hath melted from dale and hill—
But the blood!—the blood remaineth still!

I heard a voice on the winter blast,
  Brothers! a voice of woe!
And it cried for vengeance as it past
  O'er the cold, blood-crimson snow.
That wind hath sunk over wood and hill,
But the voice!—the voice—I hear it still!

I saw a spirit in my sleep;
  Brothers! its hand was red!
Its eye was fierce and its scowl was deep,
  And it cried, "Revenge the dead!"
Shall we not hear what the spirit saith?
Onwards, my brothers! Revenge, or Death!

THE ISLE OF TRUTH.

"WHILE the beams of the daylight yet shine from
the west,
Sail onwards, my bark, to the isle of the blest,
Where Love blooms for ever in fondness and truth,
And Passion forgets not the vows of its youth;
Where Friendship forsakes not, tho' sorrows subdue,
And the visions of Hope are as lovely as true.
Sail onwards, my bark, to that isle of delight,
Where Joy hath no sting, and Affection no blight!"

'Twas thus sung the heart in the days of her youth,
As she sail'd to discover the Island of Truth.
The visions of Hope had induced her to stray,
And she knew not the dangers that crowded the way:

The beam that had brighten'd her pathway at morn,
At noon saw her tempest-toss'd, sad, and forlorn;
And trusting too far what the charmer had spoken,
'Ere nightfall the lone heart was shipwreck'd and broken.

THE LAY OF AN EXILE.

Oh! sadly, ye dark rolling waves of the ocean,
Oh! sadly ye beat on this desolate shore,
And wake, with the voice of your restless commotion,
Sad thoughts of the home I must visit no more.
From the far distant land which has spurn'd me for ever,
The land for whose glory I've struggled in vain,
Ye come, O ye waves, but, like me ye can never,
Oh! never return to behold it again!

Thou, bird, that dost wing thy far course o'er the billow,
How happy, like thee, all unfetter'd to roam!
Each wave-circled rock can afford thee a pillow,
Each isle of the ocean provide thee a home!

But I !—I must wander in sorrow and sadness,
And stifle the thoughts which for ever awake ;
Must brood o'er my woes, till they drive me to madness,
And teach my proud spirit to bend or to break !

A GRAVE BENEATH A TREE.

When my soul flies to the first great Giver,
Friends of the bard! let my dwelling be
By the green bank of that rippling river,
Under the shade of yon tall beech tree.
Bury me there, ye lovers of song,
When the prayers for the dead are spoken,
With my hands on my breast,
Like a child at rest,
And my lyre in the grave unbroken!
There, untouch'd by the plough or harrow,
Let the grave of the minstrel be,
Where the bank is green and the stream is narrow,
Under the shade of yon tall beech tree!

FAR FROM HOME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE BERNESE DIALECT.

Heart! my heart! why so dejected?
And what means thy constant woe?
Lovely are these foreign regions —
Heart! my heart! what grieves thee so?

What doth grieve me?—all around me;
Quite forsaken here I roam;
True, 'tis fair in foreign regions,
But I 'm pining for my home!

Oh, my home! for thee I languish!
Would that I could breathe thine air,
See my father, see my mother,
See thy hills and valleys fair!

Oh! to see the mountain summits,
  Down whose sides the torrents ran!
Crags, that trod by chamois only,
  Scorn the foot of mortal man!

Oh! to hear the sweet bells tinkling
  As the drover mounts the hill;
With his kine and lambkins browsing,
  Or disporting at their will.

Oh! to see my native village
  Underneath the mountains blue,
With its green and flowery meadows,
  And its lake as clear as dew;

And its many-colour'd houses—
  Oh! to see them all once more!
And to greet the friendly neighbours,
  Each man standing at his door.

No one loves us here, or shakes us
  Warm and kindly by the hand;
Little children smile not on us
  As at home in Switzerland.

Oh! I pine to see the homestead
  Where my happy youth flew by—
Up, my limbs, and bear me thither—
  Bear me thither ere I die!

THE SHADOW OF TREES.

'Tis sweet, in the shade of the lofty trees,
In the dewy morning time,
To hear the song of the joyous lark,
Or the distant village chime;
Or to sit and think,
By the streamlet's brink,
Breathing our thoughts in rhyme.

'Tis sweet, in the shade of the lofty trees,
In the sultry hour of noon,
To lie at length on the cooling sward,
Secure from the heats of June;
To read our book
In a lonely nook,
While lull'd by the cuckoo's tune.

But sweeter far than morn or noon,
In the pleasant time of night,
To roam alone with the lass we love,
And look in her eyes so bright!
Or to sit at our ease
Beneath the trees,
Breathing our loving plight.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE;

A VISION OF DEATH.

IMITATED FROM BERANGER.

Before my plate the salt was overset,
And thirteen guests around my table met.
"Alas!" I cried, and gazed around the room,
"Omens of sorrow—warnings of the tomb!"
Scarce had I said, when to my wond'ring sight,
Appear'd a spirit beautiful and bright—
Cheer up, my friends, be merry as of yore;
I've look'd on Death, and fear her face no more.

There was no terror in her eyes so sweet,
A broken chain was lying at her feet,
And round her brow she wore a chaplet rare,
Twined 'mid the ringlets of her auburn hair;

And her white fingers pointed to her breast,
Where slept an infant in unconscious rest.
Fill, fill the goblet till the wine runs o'er;
I've look'd on Death, and fear her face no more.

"Why," said the spirit, "why should mortals fear
Their kindest friend, their best protector here?
Why should the weary and the slave complain?—
I send one rest, and break the other's chain;
And give weak man, ungrateful for my love,
Immortal wings to waft his soul above—"
Hush'd be thy fears, O maid whom I adore,
I've look'd on Death, and fear her face no more.

"Thy soul, O man! imprison'd here below,
Crawls in the mire, a prey to every woe;
But freed by me, on angel pinions borne,
Shall visit worlds beyond the gates of morn,
Shall soar to spheres where sorrow is unknown,
And see the Godhead on his sapphire throne!"—

Friend! give thy hand! be merry as before;
I've look'd on Death, and fear her face no more.

"Then fear not me, nor say I 'm foe to man,
And till I call, be happy if you can!"
The vision 's fled! fill, fill your bumpers high!
Let omens come, we will not fear to die;
Heaven is no foe to innocent delight;
Death has no terror if the heart is right.
Friends and companions! let the wine run o'er!
We 've look'd on Death, and fear her face no more!

THE WILL O' THE WISP.

WHERE the snake lurks in the tangled grass,
By the slippery brink of the dank morass,
Merrily O! merrily O!
I light my lamp, and forth I go!
And to lure astray the lated wight,
I shine all night in the swampy hollows,
Merrily O! Merrily O!
Wailing and woe to the fool who follows!

Oh! Wealth and Glory, and I make three,
We roam together in company!
Merrily O! Merrily O!
We light our lamps, and forth we go!

Wealth shows a bright and golden ray,
But the joys it brings are false and hollow.
Merrily O! Merrily O!
Wailing and woe to the fools who follow!

Glory indeed hath a fairer gleam;—
What is so bright as its first young dream?
Merrily O! Merrily O!
We light our lamps, and forth we go!
But still we shine where the ways are foul;
Brightest perchance where the path is hollow.—
Merrily O! Merrily O!
Wailing and woe to the fools who follow!

CORONACH, OR DEATH-WAIL.

WAIL! Wail!
For a sun hath set,
Which no returning morrow
Shall ever call
From the darksome pall,
To beam upon our sorrow!
Moan! Moan!
O'er his dwelling lone,
As ye heap the clod above him:
Dead! Dead!
His soul hath fled
From the hearts that lived to love him!

Wail! Wail!
Though our tears be vain,
For the soul in glory shining!
Yet how can those
Who have seen his close
Forbear for awhile repining?
Moan! Moan!
O'er the narrow stone;
Body and soul must sever!
Dead! Dead!
His spirit hath fled,
And a star hath set for ever!

CONSTANCY.

I KNEW thee in the sunny hour,
  When Fortune shed her brightest beam,
And thought, should e'er the tempest lower,
  Thy love would wither like a dream.
I deem'd that it was feign'd and cold,
  Lured like the rest by Fortune's ray,
Inspired by vanity or gold,
  To bloom an hour, then fade away.

But now, when Glory's light hath pass'd,
  And grief and sorrow cloud my brow,
When friends have vanish'd in the blast,
  Star of my fortunes! where art *thou?*—

Here by my side in sorrow still,
  The same as in the prosperous hour,
Striving to heal the bosom's ill—
  Oh! *this* is love—I own its power!

And thou, who canst unchanging rest,
  Though Fortune frown, and Hope decline,
Forgive me, if in times more blest,
  I dared to doubt a love like thine;
And I will be, whate'er befal,
  Unchanging as thou 'st been to me,
And tell, and proudly tell, to all,
  One proof of woman's constancy!

THE EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Far away! oh, far away,
Over the wide sea's bounding spray,
Many a league o'er the pelting foam,
We seek a country, we seek a home!
Farewell, England! our native land,
Lingering still on thy verdant strand,
We look our last on thy once-loved shore,
And vow in our hearts to return no more.

Far away! oh, far away!
Nothing invites us here to stay.
England, our mother, is hard as stone,
And shuts her ear to her children's moan,

And running on to destruction sure,
Pampers the rich, and grinds the poor!
Farewell, England! a last farewell!
We fly thy shores, but we wish thee well.

Far away! oh, far away!
We seek a world o'er the ocean spray.
Welcome, O land across the sea,
Where bread abounds, and man is free;
Welcome, the woods and wastes sublime,
And corn-fields of the western clime.
Our sails are set,—the breezes swell,
England, our country——Farewell! Farewell!

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL TO YARROW.

FAREWELL to thee, sweetest of rivers in Scotland!
Adown by thy banks never more must we stray;
No more at the gloaming
Find pleasure in roaming,
To hear thy young nightingales sing on the spray.
No more on thy bonnie braes where the birks blossom
Shall we revisit the scenes loved of yore;
By Yarrow enchanted,
Verse-hallowed, song-haunted,
Our footsteps delighted must linger no more!

To the banks of new rivers our fortune conducts us,
In far distant regions to live and to die,
Where our hands may provide us
A blessing denied us;—
The bold independence hard labour can buy.
So welcome St. Lawrence or broad Mississippi,
That flaunt your great waves in the bright western sun,
New homes ye shall yield us,
To shelter and shield us,
And our love shall take root where our bread must be won.

But far though we be, sweetest stream of our country,
Thou still shalt be prized in our innermost heart;
And never forgetful,
But sad and regretful,
We 'll cherish thy memory till life shall depart!
We 'll sing the dear songs that we heard in our childhood,

Intwined with thy name since we clomb at the knee,

O Yarrow enchanted!

Verse-hallowed, song-haunted!

We'll never forget thee wherever we be!

LOVE AMID SORROW.

LIGHT is love without esteem,
Lighter than a feather!
But ours has borne
Contempt and scorn,
And sorrow's wintry weather!
Then never more! never more!
Shall we sever:
I am thine, thou art mine,
For ever and for ever!

Never shall affliction's scowl,
Or its touch divide us;
Though Fortune frown,
Or men look down,
And evil days betide us!

Never more! never more!
Shall we sever:
I am thine, thou art mine,
For ever and for ever!

THE WIDOWER TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that warnest the bird
To her dew-besprinkled nest,
That sendest the hind to his cottage fire,
And givest the weary rest.
Star! O gentle Star!
Beacon of dreams and sleep,
I lie me down
On the cold heath brown,
To gaze on thy light and weep!

I weep, O quiet Star!
With a grief that shall not depart,
For thou wakest the thoughts of times gone by,
And bringest them to my heart:
When thy light was the signal ray,

To guide my weary feet
To the lowly dome
Of my cottage home,
And the side of my partner sweet.

Yes! lovely Star of Eve!
Thou bringest to all things rest;
Thou sendest the bee to its sheltering hive,
The bird to its warm-built nest:
But thou bringest to me, O Star!
Thoughts that are sad and deep.
So I lie me down
On the cold heath brown,
To gaze on thy light and weep!

MOUNTAIN DEW.

AWAY with your port, your champagne and your
sherry,
And fill up with toddy as high as you please;
We men of the northland should know ourselves better
Than pledge her in liquors so foreign as these!
In whisky that reeks of the peat and the heather,
We 'll drink to the land of the brave and the true;—
Unsullied in honour,
Our blessings upon her!
Scotland for ever, and old Mountain Dew!

Mountain dew! *clear* as a Scot's understanding,
Pure as his conscience wherever he goes,
Warm as his heart to the friend he has chosen,
Strong as his arm when he fights with his foes!

In liquor like this should old Scotland be toasted;
So fill up again, and the pledge we 'll renew.
Long flourish the honour
Her children have won her;
Scotland for ever, and old Mountain Dew!

May her worth, like her lowland streams, roll on unceasing;
Her fame, like her highland hills, last evermore;
May the cold of her glens be confined to the climate,
Nor enter the heart, tho' it creep through the door;
And never may we while we love and revere her,
As long as we 're brave, and warm-hearted and true,
Want reason to boast her,
Or whisky to toast her;
Scotland for ever, and old Mountain Dew!

"BE QUIET, DO! I'LL CALL MY MOTHER!"

[In the "Parnasse des Dames" there is a song, of which the burden is "Tenez-vous coi, j'appellerai ma mère." It does not, however, deserve translation, and nothing of it has been preserved in the following, but the *refrain.*]

As I was sitting in a wood,
  Under an oak tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
  Who should come by but John, my lover!
He press'd my hand and kiss'd my cheek;
  Then, warmer growing, kiss'd the other,
While I exclaim'd, and strove to shriek,
  "*Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!*"

He saw my anger was sincere,
  And lovingly began to chide me;
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
  He sat him on the grass beside me.

He feign'd such pretty amorous woe,
Breathed such sweet vows one after other,
I could but smile, while whispering low,
"*Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!*"

He talk'd so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a sigh he rose to leave me;
"Oh! John," said I, "and must thou go?
I love thee better than all other;
There is no need to hurry so;
I never meant to call my mother."

SEA SORROW;

OR,

YEARNING FOR HOME.

SADLY howls the cold sea blast,
And fiercely the wild waves beat,
And a thousand miles away from home,
I toss about on the ocean foam,
And dream of my children sweet.

Sad are the sounds in this lonely ship,
To one home-sick like me;
The flapping of the wide wet sail,
The moaning of the restless gale,
And the murmur of the sea.

All night I dream of the sounds of land;
Of the chant of the early lark;
Of the peasant whistling o'er the lea,
And the cow-boy trolling lustily,
Some love song in the dark.

I dream of the pleasant rustic bench
That stands at my cottage door;
I dream of my wife, and prattling boys
Climbing my knees with a merry noise,
All under my sycamore.

Oh! if ever I see my beloved one more,
And press her to my heart,
Never again shall my footsteps stray;
Never to regions far away,
Shall the sire of her babes depart!

Sorrow shall teach my mind content
With a small sufficient store;
Bless'd with the love of one true soul,
Let wild winds blow and billows roll,
I 'll tempt them never more;—

But dwell in my little cot at peace,
Heedless of India's wealth;
Careless of empty power or fame,
Rich in my own unsullied name,
And a happy home, with health.

Blow, thou auspicious wind, blow fair,
We 've a thousand miles to run;
But Hope returns, though long denied,
As I lean upon the good ship's side,
And count them one by one.

A SONG FOR A STORMY NIGHT.

The winds whistle,
In their midnight rout,
Howl through our casement drearily;
But sweet is our mirth
Round the social hearth,
When circles the wine-cup cheerily,
With a heigh! ho! Nonnie no!
And a heigh! ho! Nonnie nee!

Fill up the bowl,
And stir up the coal,
Make the flames mount bright and cheerily;
We 've right good cheer,
And a welcome here,
Though the fierce winds whistle wearily.
With a heigh! ho! Nonnie! no! &c.

Yet amid our glee,
Perchance there be
Some near us pining wearily;
All nipp'd by the cold,
Some traveller old,
May be trudging through snow-drifts drearily.
With a heigh! ho! Nonnie! no! &c.

Show then a light
From our window to-night,
Let it gleam to guide him cheerily,
We 've a chair and a jug,
And a corner snug,
When he comes to our door so wearily.
With a heigh! ho! Nonnie! no! &c.

Never shall it be said,
That we, well fed,
By our fire-side singing cheerily,

Could forget this night
The bitter plight
Of the many pining wearily.
With a heigh! ho! Nonnie! no! &c.

Throw open the door
To the old and poor;
They shall all be welcome cheerily,
While there 's bite or sup
On our board or cup,
They never shall pass by wearily.
With a heigh! ho! Nonnie! no! &c.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

The man whose heart is kind and pure,
  Unswayed by greediness of pelf,
Who worships God without a show,
  And loves his neighbour as himself,
May be as poor as Lazarus,
  And all deform'd as heathen Pan;
Yet kings might press him to their hearts,
  And own him as a gentleman.

Who hath but little of his own,
  Yet gladly shares it with the poor,
Who makes the best of mortal ills,
  Slow to complain, long to endure,
May own his fathers have been churls
  Ever since pride of birth began,
Yet waive no fraction of his right
  To be consider'd gentleman.

Among the rare but glorious ranks
  Of Nature's nobles he doth stand,
And shines within his lowly sphere
  The pride and blessing of a land.
A monarch upon parchment writes
  His patents, sold in honour's mart;
But Nature, when ennobling men,
  Inscribes her patents on the heart.

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

THE soldier bold, when the bugles sound,
  Must start from his pleasant sleep,
To measure alone his weary round
  On the gloomy castle keep.
But we, merry men, in the pathless woods,
  Where the nimble wild deer run,
We rise when we will, and sleep when we can,
  And bend the knee to none.
Oh! a merry, merry life is ours, I ween;
  At morn in the forests free,
And quaffing at e'en the jolly brown ale,
  All under the greenwood tree.

The monk must go when the abbot calls,
  To chant his vesper hymn,
And the warder watch from his loop-hole grate,
  At the hour of midnight dim:

But we, merry men, in the gay greenwood,
  We own no master's sway;
But live to be happy when we can,
  And jolly while we may.
Oh! a merry, merry life is ours, I ween;
  At morn in the forests free,
And quaffing at e'en the jolly brown ale,
  All under the greenwood tree.

BALLADS.

BALLADS.

THE WISHING-GATE.

[In the Vale of Grasmere, in Westmoreland, there is a gate, known by the name of "The Wishing-Gate," to which popular superstition attaches the belief that all reasonable wishes there formed will be fulfilled.]

'Tis dreamy midnight's solemn hour,
  The busy village sleeps,
And the pale moon with silver sheen
  Her nightly vigil keeps;
The pole-star twinkles in the blue,
  The hour is growing late,
Then haste thee, maiden, and away,
  And seek the Wishing-Gate:

And if thy heart be free from guile,
Thy thoughts serene and holy,
Go breathe thy prayer, go wish thy wish,
And banish melancholy.

The maiden leaves her busy wheel,
And dons her hose and shoon,
And hastens to that ancient gate,
While shines the quiet moon——
"There is a bark upon the wave,
A bark I fain would see,
And *one* who treads her gallant deck,
Who vow'd to cherish me!
Who vow'd, in spite of fortune's frown,
His love should never vary—
Would he were here in safety now,
Conversing with his Mary!"

Pale clouds obscured the thoughtful moon,
The hour was growing late,
The maiden, pensive and alone,
Leant o'er the Wishing-Gate.—
Was it a robber in the dark,
That stole along so weary?—
"'Tis he! 'tis he! my Henry dear,
Restored to love and Mary!"

THE MAIDEN OF RHINE.

At sunset a maid was roaming
Alone by the banks of Rhine,
Whose stream to the dark sea foaming,
Was bright in the red sunshine:
And she wept in bitter sorrow,
As faded the sun's last ray,
And sadly she thought of the morrow,
And her lover, far away!

They 've barter'd the maid and sold her
For empty and pitiless pride,
And morning's beam must behold her
A cold and unwilling bride.
With the white rose wreath they 've bound her,
She shines in her fairest trim,
And cold-hearted friends surround her,
To banish her thoughts of him.

Oh! leave her alone to her sorrow!
The true heart can never forget!
Oh! leave her alone till the morrow!
She mourns for her loved one yet.
From her chamber, the maiden, weeping,
Looks out on the lordly Rhine,
"There 's a boat o'er the light wave sweeping—
My Rudolph! — O were it thine!"

Away, o'er the foaming water,
'Tis *he!*—and thy sire in vain
Shall seek for his blooming daughter,
When the morning comes again!
Away with thy loved one, maiden!
Away, thou lover so true!—
They 're gone where, sire, grief-laden,
Nor bridegroom can pursue!

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN ABROAD.

I CARE not for the lovely scenes upon the banks of
Rhine;
I care not for its castled steeps, and slopes where
grows the vine;
No pleasure upon Switzer lakes or Alpine hills I see,
For my thoughts are far away, in my own countrie.

I long to see the villages, each with its little spire,
And the hospitable farm-steads of York's beloved shire;
To see the corn-fields waving, and the cattle feeding
free,
In the pleasant pasture lands of my own countrie.

I long to hear on Sunday morn the merry village bell,
Calling the pious folk to church from every hill and
dell;
I long to ask the curate home to dinner and to tea,
And chat on politics and crops in my own countrie.

I hate their cookery here in France, their *fricassées* and stews,
Their *bouillon* and their *cotelettes*, their *rôtis* and *ragouts*;
I loathe their harsh outlandish names, and pine again to see
The fine fat beef and pudding of my own countrie.

The wine they boast of, charms me not; I strive, but all in vain,
To relish their choice Burgundy, their claret and champagne;
I 'd barter, and right willingly, a dozen of all three
For a pot of foaming ale in my own countrie!

And yet these lands are good enough, the people kind and true;
Their vineyards pleasant, and their skies bright, vapourless, and blue;

But I 'm strange in them, and sick of them, and pine
to cross the sea,
To breathe the welcome fogs of my own countrie.

O England! I 've abused thy clime, and oft, without
a cause,
Cried out against my countrymen, their manners, and
their laws;
Forgetting, thankless that I was, that first among the
free,
Stands, and shall stand for evermore, mine own
countrie.

And once more treading its green sod, and breathing
its dear air,
I 'll never stir from it again in search of realms more
fair;
I 'll never vaunt of pleasant France or sunny Italy,
But live in peace, and die in my own countrie.

LORENZO.

"LORENZO pines in dungeon gloom,
In chains my gallant lover lies,
A tyrant has pronounced his doom,
To-morrow he is free—or dies!
O Love! if thou hast power below,
Or favour where the angels dwell,
Protect thy maiden votary now—
Jesu Maria! shield me well!"

The maiden doffs her robe of white,
And clothes her in the priestly stole,
Binds back her locks of auburn bright,
And mutters prayers which save the soul.
The prison portals open wide,—
The holy father seeks the cell—
Lorenzo sees his destined bride—
Jesu Maria! shield her well!

Quickly these last sad moments fly,
The maiden's heart has much to say;
Lover! for thee she comes to die—
On with her cassock, and away!
Fly! for they come—thine hour draws near—
Already tolls thy warning knell!—
Too late, too late!—Oh words of fear!
Jesu Maria! shield them well!

"Lorenzo, they have seal'd our doom,
Together then we 'll yield our breath,
We 'll be companions in the tomb,
And love shall cheer the hour of death."
Now hoarsely beats the muffled drum,
And slowly tolls the funeral bell;
Make way! the hapless victims come—
Jesu Maria! shield them well!

THE TWO VULTURES.

[The following was suggested by the old Scotch ballad of "The Twa Corbies."]

Two hungry vultures sat on a tree,
Large and fierce as fierce may be;
The one was solemn, plump, and sleek,
Black was his heart, though his look was meek;
The other a haughtier aspect bore,
And his greedy beak was red with gore.

And the haughty bird to the sleek one said,
"Brother, where is thy banquet spread?
Say, my brother, I prithee, say,
Where shall we go and dine to-day;
Is there no sustenance for thee?
Is there a lack of flesh for me?"

"Dost doubt?" said the vulture plump and sleek;
"Fear not, there 's plenty for claw and beak;
For let us travel west or east,
We 're sure ere long to find a feast;
Human folly caters for thee,
And Bigotry provides for me.

"Thousands and thousands of human bones
Have I picked dry and bare as stones;
And of warm and reeking human blood
Thou, my brother, hast drunk a flood;
And let us seek where'er we will
We 'll find a great abundance still.

"Why should we fear that we may starve,
When men themselves our banquets carve?
Good providers, I ween, are they,
And well they feed us night and day;
Fighting and slaying up and down,
Whether they live in field or town."

Away these bloated vultures flew: —
I wonder if what they said be true?
And whether the name of the vulture sleek
May have been INTOLERANCE, looking so meek?
And whether the other, haughtier far,
But not so cruel at heart, was WAR?

THE PILGRIM'S DOG.

THERE came a pilgrim to the gate,
An aged man was he,
And he sat him down upon a stone,
And sigh'd most bitterly:
The night was cold,—the fierce winds howl'd
With loud and blustering din,
So, to restore his drooping strength,
We ask'd the good man in.

"Now sit thee down, thou poor old man,
Here 's ale an thou art dry,
And tell us now what troubles thee,
And wherefore thou dost sigh?"—
The aged man he sat him down,
He drank no wine nor ale,
But shook the damp dew from his cloak,
And thus began his tale:

"Oh! hoary is my head, and grey,
For many years I've seen,
And over many a distant land
My weary feet have been:
And I have braved the summer heat,
And borne the winter cold,
Without a murmur or complaint,
Though poor, and very old.

"But then I had a faithful friend,
Companion of my way,
Who jogg'd contented by my side
For many a weary day;
Who shared my crust, when crust I had,
At noon beneath a hill,
And who, when I had none to give,
Was grateful for the will:

"Who, when benighted on our road,
And far from barn or bield,

Lay down contented at my feet,
In many a stubble field;
Who, when the world look'd harshly down,
Was never false or cold,
But look'd up kindly in my face,
To cheer the pilgrim old.

"Long time had we companions been,
In every changeful weather,
'Mid frost and snow, and driving sleet,
We trudged along together;
And now he lies upon the road—
Ah! cold and dead lies he,
And I am in the world alone,
With none to care for me!"

The tear that coursed the old man's cheek,
He quickly wiped away—
"My blessing with you!" murmur'd he,
But stay me not, I pray;

I seek the spot where low he lies;
The sod all wet with dew,
With a sad heart to make a grave,
And bury that friend so true!"

"Nay, hold, good man! art thou a monk
Of orders grey or white,
To utter for thy parted friend
The solemn Christian rite?"
The old man sigh'd, and shook his head —
No Christian might he be,
Though many Christians that I wot of,
Are not so good as he!

"Nothing was *he*—but a poor man's dog,
A good one and a bold;
The truest friend that ever I had,
And now he 's dead and cold!"
That aged man went out alone,
Alone and sad went he,

And bent his course adown the hill
  Where stands the wither'd tree.

The morning sun rose up again,
  The lark began to sing,
And village girls went forth to draw
  Fresh water from the spring;
And when they came beneath the tree,
  The tree all dead and sear,
That pilgrim old had written there
  The words that ye shall hear:—

"Here lieth one who had no soul—
    For so the sages say;
  Though from the right and kindly path
    He never went astray.
  His head was not devoid of sense,
    His heart was ever true;—
  Passer! 'twas Instinct guided him,
    And Reason shines for you!

Pause at this grave—think of thine own;
  Then act, that men may see
As true an epitaph as this
  Inscribed at last for thee!"

COUNT CASK-O'-WHISKEY AND HIS THREE HOUSES.

A TEMPERANCE BALLAD,

INTENDED AS A COMPANION TO SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE is a demon in the land,
A demon fierce, though frisky,
Who steals the souls of mortal men,
His name is Cask-o'-Whiskey.

Lo! mounted on a fiery steed
He rides through town and village,
And calls the workman from his shop,
The farmer from his tillage.

Clutch'd in his lanky, red right hand,
He holds a mighty bicker,
Whose polish'd sides run daily o'er
With floods of burning liquor.

Around him press the clamorous crowds
To taste this liquor greedy;
But chiefly come the poor and sad,
The suffering and the needy.

All those oppress'd by grief or debts,
The dissolute, the lazy,
Draggle-tail'd sluts and shirtless men,
And young girls lewd and crazy.

"Give, give!" they cry, "give, give us drink!
Give us your burning liquor!
We 'll empty fast as you can fill
Your fine capacious bicker.

"Give, give us drink, to drown our care,
And make us light and frisky,
Give, give! and we will bless thy name,
Thou good Count Cask-o'-Whiskey."

And when the demon hears them cry,
Right merrily he laugheth,
And holds his bicker out to all,
And each poor idiot quaffeth.

The first drop warms their shivering skins,
And drives away their sadness;
The second lights their sunken eyes,
And fills their souls with gladness.

The third drop makes them shout and roar,
And play each furious antic;
The fourth drop boils their very blood,
And the fifth drop drives them frantic!

And still they drink the burning draught,
Till old Count Cask-o'-Whiskey
Holds his bluff sides with laughter fierce,
To see them all so frisky.

"More, more!" they cry, "come, give us more,
More of that right good liquor;
Fill up, old boy, that we may drain
Down to the dregs your bicker!"

The demon spurs his fiery steed,
And laughs a laugh so hollow,
Then waves his bicker in the air,
And beckons them to follow.

On, on he rides, and onwards rush
The eager crowd, exclaiming,
"O Cask-o'-Whiskey, give us more,
More of thy liquor flaming!"

At last he stops his foaming steed
Beside a rushing river,
Whose waters to the palate sweet
Are poison to the liver.

"There!" says the demon, "drink your fill!
Drink of these waters mellow;
They 'll make your bright eyes blear and dull,
And turn your white skins yellow.

"They 'll cause the little sense you have
By inches to forsake you;
They 'll cause your limbs to faint and fail,
And palsies dire to shake you.

"They 'll fill your homes with care and grief,
And clothe your backs with tatters;
They 'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts;
But never mind—what matters?

"Though virtue sink and reason fail,
And social ties dissever,
I 'll be your friend in hour of need,
And find you homes for ever.

"For I have built three mansions high,
Three strong and goodly houses,
To lodge at last each jolly soul
Who all his life carouses.

"The first it is a goodly house,
Black are its walls and high,
And full of dungeons deep and fast,
Where death-doom'd felons lie.

"The second is a lazar-house,
Rank, fetid, and unholy,
Where, fetter'd by diseases foul,
And hopeless melancholy,

"The victims of potations deep
Pine on their couch of sadness,
Some calling death to end their pain,
And some imploring madness.

"The third house is a spacious house,
To all but sots appalling,
Where, by the parish bounty fed,
Vile, in the sunshine crawling,

"The worn-out drunkard ends his days,
And eats the dole of others,
A plague and burthen to himself,
An eye-sore to his brothers.

"So drink the waters of this stream,
Drain deep the cup of ruin,
Drink, and like heroes madly rush
Each man to his undoing.

"One of my mansions high and strong,
One of my goodly houses,
Is sure to lodge each jolly soul
Who to the dregs carouses!"

Into the stream his courser leaps,
And all the crowd leaps after,
While over hill and valley wide
Resound loud peals of laughter.

For well he knows, this demon old,
How vain is all his preaching;—
The ragged crew that round him flock
Are too far gone for teaching.

Even as they wallow in the stream,
They cry aloud, quite frisky,
"Here 's to thy health, thou best of friends,
Kind, generous Cask-o'-Whiskey!

"We care not for thy houses three,
We live but for the present,
And merry will we make it yet,
And quaff these waters pleasant."

Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak,
And lifts his brimming bicker:
"Drink, fools!" quoth he, "you'll pay your scot,
I'll have your souls for liquor!"

NOTES.

Page 6.

Might without granite have uprear'd them high
With skulls unburied, bleaching to the sky.

Unhappily this is no exaggeration. In an after age, as we learn from Gibbon and other authorities, that scourge of his race, Tamerlane, or Timour the Tartar, actually collected together the heads of ninety thousand men, and built a pyramid of them. Such things are not unknown at the present day; for travellers still speak of a pyramid of heads somewhere in the Turkish dominions: I think in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

Page 6.

To dye the Danube of a sanguine hue,
And choke it up with multitudes of slain.
By high Belgrade, or Nina's fatal plain.

It is on record, that of the eight or nine hundred thousand men, women, and children, who left Europe under the guidance of Peter the Hermit, Gottschalk the monk, and Walter the Pennyless, not fifty thousand reached Constantinople. At least half of the remainder were slaughtered in Hungary on the shores of the Danube.

PAGE 11.

To play the fabled Mahadeva's part,
And light Destruction's torch or hurl its dart.

Siva, or Mahadeva, is the destroying god of the Hindoos, the third person in their divine triad; the sender of war, rapine, famine, pestilence, and death.

PAGE 17.

Dark Fenris howls, and the great snake uncurl'd
Opes its wide jaws to poison all the world.

Fenris was the great wild wolf of the northern mythology, who, after having been chained up for thousands of years, is before the twilight of the gods and the general conflagration of the universe, to burst his chain and swallow up the sun. Then, with fire flashing from his eyes, he is to join the Great Snake at the centre of the earth, the latter pouring forth floods of venom from his tremendous jaws upon every living thing. The reader who wishes for a clear general view of the gloomy creed of the Norsemen, is referred to an interesting work on Universal Mythology, by the Rev. H. Christmas.

PAGE 18.

Not so the priests of Mexitli the red,
Who strew'd their temple floor with heaps of dead,
Burn'd up their hearts with incense in a pan,
And fed their sacred snakes with flesh of man.

Bernal Dias del Castillo, who accompanied Ferdinand Cortez on

his well-known expedition, details the horrible particulars of the sacrifices offered to the god Mexitli. Mr. Christmas, quoting from that author, says, the walls of the temple of Mexitli were all caked and smeared with putrid blood, so that the stench of the black gore was intolerable. When Bernal Dias visited the idol, there was a pan of incense, with three hearts of human victims, which were burning, mixed with copal. The heads of the persons sacrificed were strung up in the temple. The limbs were eaten by the priests at the banquet, and the other parts of the bodies given to the wild beasts which were kept within the precincts of the temple. "Moreover," says Bernal Dias, "in that accursed house they kept vipers and venomous snakes, who had something at their tails which sounded like morris-bells (rattle-snakes), and these are the worst of vipers. These were kept in cradles and in barrels, and in earthen vessels upon feathers, and there they laid their eggs and nursed up their snakelings. And they were fed with the bodies of the sacrificed, and with dog's flesh. When their lions and tigers roared, their jackals and foxes howled, and their snakes hissed, it was a grim thing to hear them, and it seemed like hell."

PAGE 28.

The very crowds that at the Hermit's call
Forsook their homes, their little ones and all;
Even they, blind instruments of God's decree,
Advanced the cause they never lived to see.

The influence of that European madness which produced the Crusades has often been the study of philosophers. There is no doubt that the civilization of Europe received a great impetus

from these periodical outpourings of the West upon the East. No author who has considered the subject has written more profoundly upon it than M. Guizot. The following passage occurs in his eighth lecture upon European civilization. I use the elegant translation of Mrs. Beckwith. "The Crusaders entered into relation with two forms of civilization, not only different, but further advanced than their own—with Greek society on the one hand, and Mussulman society on the other. There cannot be a doubt that although civilization in Greek society was enervated, perverted, and decaying, yet it influenced the Crusaders as greatly as we might expect a society so much more polished, advanced, and enlightened than their own would have done. Mahometan society produced on them a similar effect." * * * * * * "The social state underwent a change. Much discussion has taken place respecting the influence of the Crusades in this particular. It has been shown that a great number of the proprietors of fiefs who went to the Holy Land were obliged to sell their fiefs to the King, or to grant charters to the communes, in order to obtain money. It has been shown that solely by their absence, many nobles lost much of their power." * * * * * * "In fine, the great and real effects of the Crusades are these; on the one hand, extension of ideas and the emancipation of mind; on the other, a more brilliant and powerful existence, and the enlarged sphere opened to activity. They produced at once a greater degree of political unity, and more personal liberty; they tended to establish the independence of man and the centralization of society. Much discussion has arisen respecting the means of civilization which the Crusaders imported into Europe from the East. It has been said, that the greater part of those discoveries which aided the developement of European civilization in the

fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the compass, printing, and gunpowder, were known in the East, and that the Crusaders probably brought them from thence. This is partially true. Some of these assertions may, however, be contested; but the influence, the general effect, that the Crusades produced, both on the human mind and on society, are incontrovertible. Europe had been restricted to a very narrow track; they caused her to advance by a new and much wider path, and through their means the transformation of the different elements of European society into governments and people, which is the characteristic of modern civilization, was commenced."

PAGE 30.

When on thy shores, fair Italy, trade-born
New cities rose, precursors of the morn,
Where learning flourished ———

The Italian republics that arose after the era of the Crusades, exercised a great influence upon the civilization of Europe. Their merchant-princes were the first to free commerce from the stigmas under which it had laboured; and under their patronage, art, science, and learning received an impetus greater than they had received before.

THE END.

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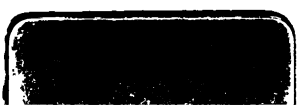
Bangor House, Shoe Lane,

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